★May 15, 1943

# THE NEW YORKER

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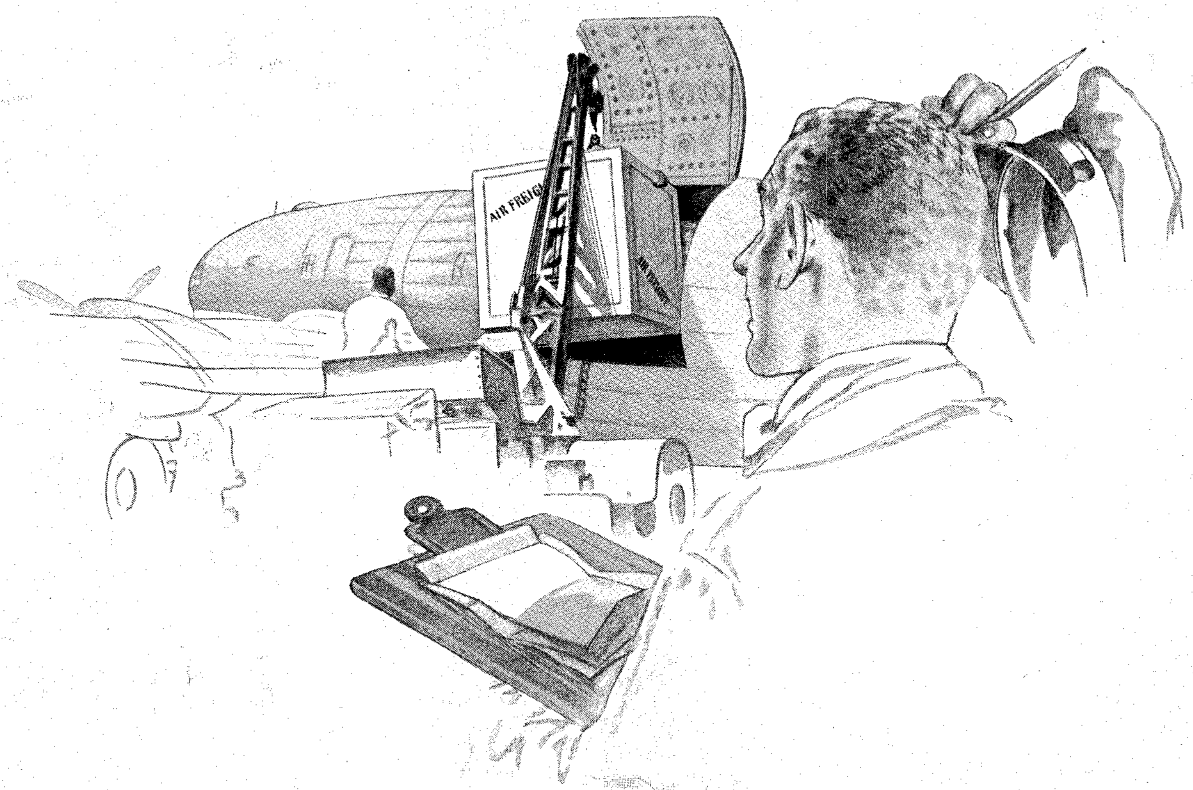
# *How American it is*... to want something better!



A MINER IN ALASKA can tell you that air freight is something better. So can a sawmill operator "frozen in" on a mountain lake. Today American air freighters, operating here and abroad, are accomplishing miracles of transport. And when the victory is won we can count on much "special" delivery of peacetime cargo.

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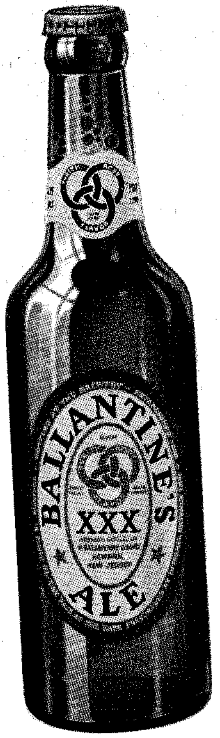

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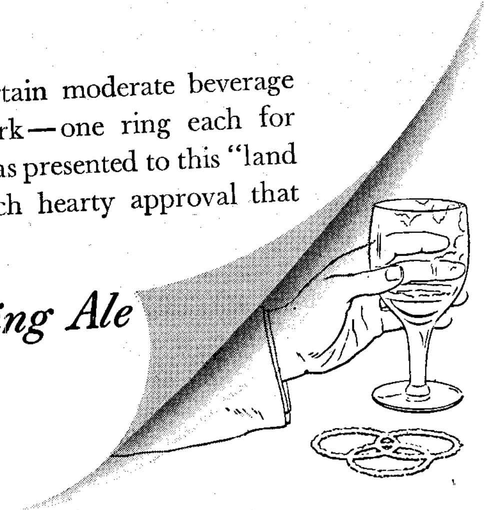
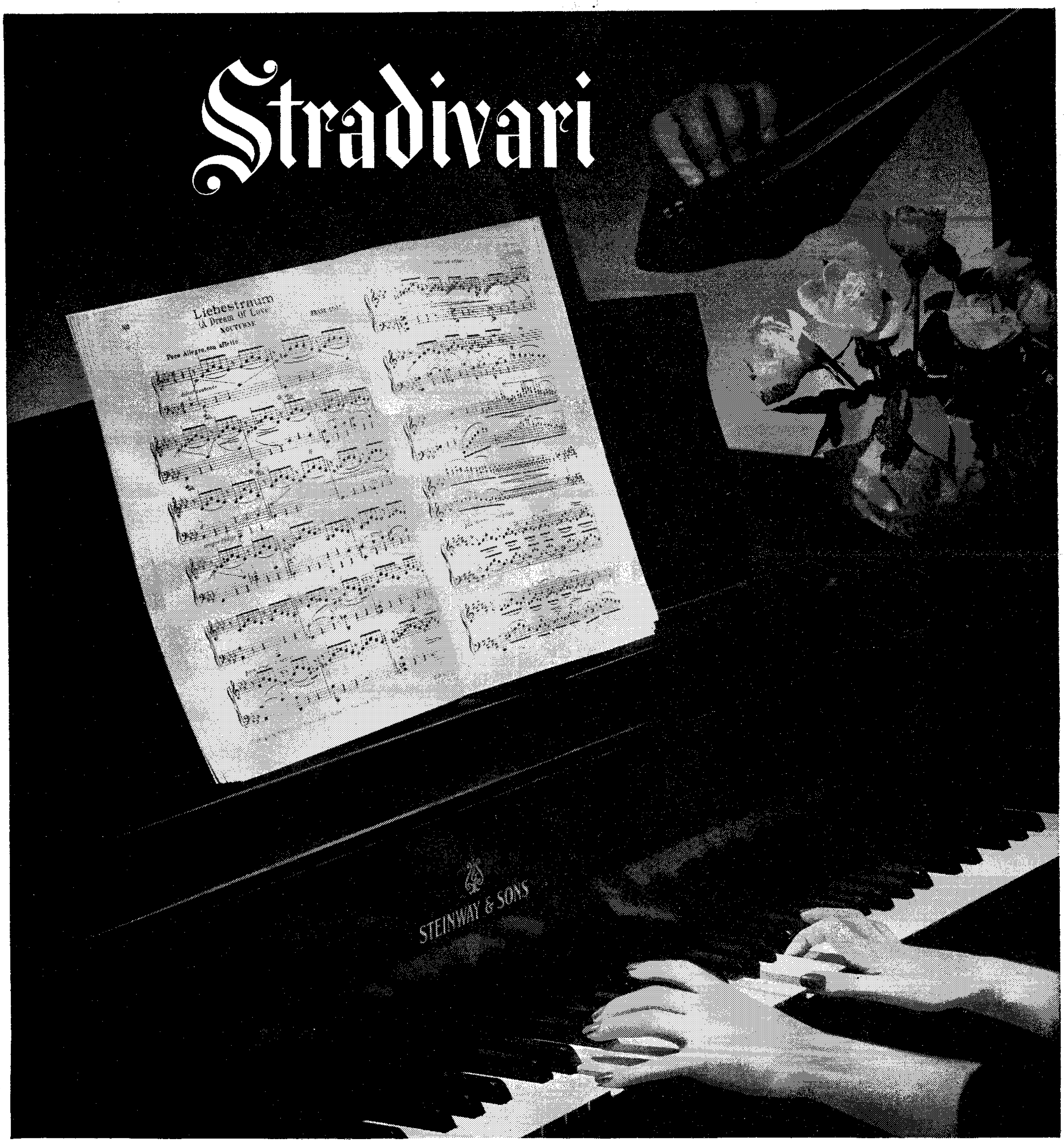


1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.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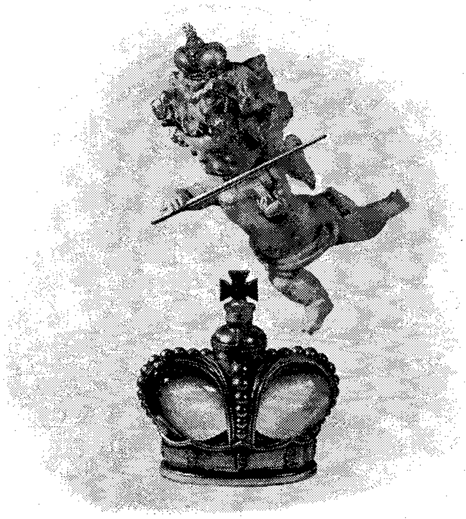
Liebestraum
(A Dream of Love)
Notturno
Poco Allegro, con affetto
STEINWAY & SONS



*Dream of Love* caught and held in a lady's heart...
glorious melody sung by the strings of a violin...
captured forever in golden drops of
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creation of Prince Matchabelli.

*Stradivari in famous gold-encrusted Prince Matchabelli Crowns*
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Angel Street**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Arsenic and Old Lace**—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Blithe Spirit**—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Corn Is Green**—Ethel Barrymore returning in Emlyn Williams' prize play about the education of a Welsh coal miner. With Richard Waring. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Counselor-at-Law**—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Dark Eyes**—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova wrote it, and play in it, too. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**The Doughgirls**—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Eve of St. Mark**—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting but possibly more effective as a recruiting poster. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Harriet**—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Janie**—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

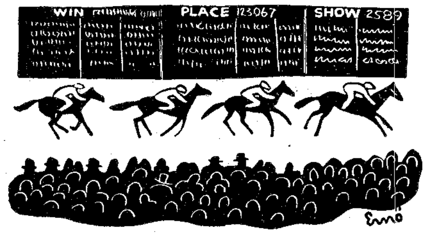
**Junior Miss**—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Kiss and Tell**—A rather frail comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Life with Father**—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Patriots**—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. Raymond Edward Johnson plays the statesman, and others in the cast include House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., May 21, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

**The Skin of Our Teeth**—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 22.

**Sons and Soldiers**—Irwin Shaw's ambitious piece about a woman who decides to be a mother in the face of considerable odds. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, and Stella Adler. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Three's a Family**—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce, containing Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Tomorrow the World**—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Uncle Harry**—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

### WITH MUSIC

**By Jupiter**—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Lady in the Dark**—Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's fantasy about a young woman who tried to combine love and the magazine business. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 15.)

**Oklahoma!**—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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**Something for the Boys**—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35; special performance Sun., May 16, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

**Sons o' Fun**—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Chic Johnson has left the cast, and Ole Olsen will leave after the performance on Sat. Eve., May 15, but Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser are still around. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Star and Garter**—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Ziegfeld Follies**—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

## MISCELLANY

**Stars on Ice**—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sun., May 16.)

**Benefits**—At Madison Square Garden: Tallulah Bankhead, George Jessel, and many others in an entertainment for the Knights of Pythias' Camp, Mon., May 17, at 8:30 P.M. (for tickets, call EN 2-5290); and another big turnout of theatrical people in a variety show for the Greek War Relief Society, Tues., May 18, at 8 P.M. (for tickets, call CO 5-6800).

## BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

**Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo**—"Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Beau Danube," Wed. Eve., May 19; "Snow Maiden," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., May 20; "Chopin Concerto," "The Nutcracker," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve. and Sat. Aft., May 21-22; "The Magic Swan," "Rodeo" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Eve., May 22. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

**Ballet Theatre**—"Romeo and Juliet," "The Wanderer" (with Zorina), and "Helen of Troy," Fri. Eve., May 21; "Billy the Kid," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Petrouchka," Sat. Aft., May 22; "Princess Aurora," "Pillar of Fire," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., May 22. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

**Argentinita**—Assisted by Pilar Lopez and others, with Jose Iturbi directing members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Sat. and Sun., May 15-16, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210.)

**Belle Rosette**—With Pearl Primus and others in a program of West Indian dances, Sun., May 16, at 9 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**Ambassador Garden**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

**Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

**Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has joined the show here, which also includes Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

**Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical spot, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and a show.

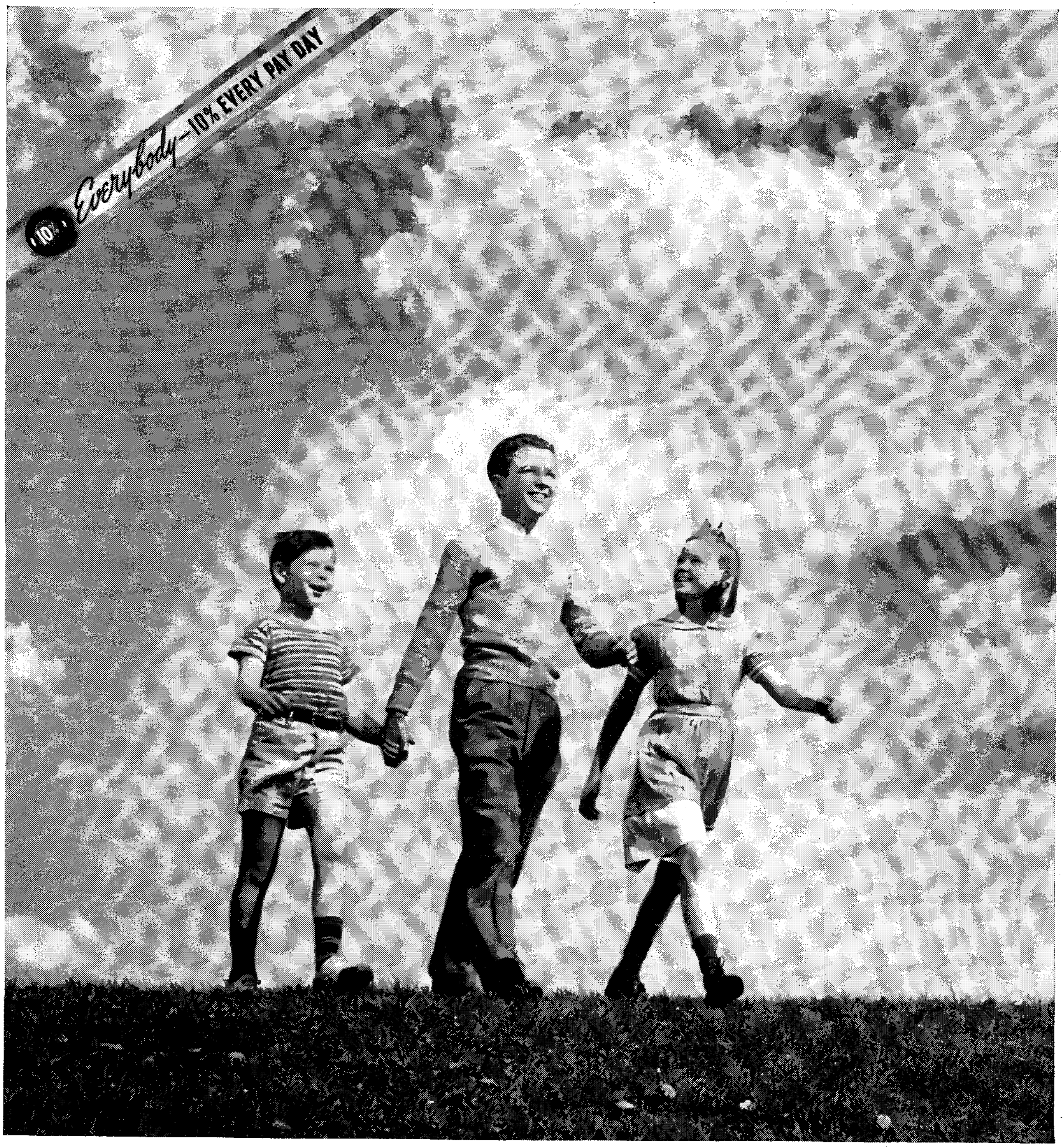
**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**Larue**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

**Monte Carlo**, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays for dancing in this well-got-up room.

**Pierre**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has the most regal-looking waiters in town,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 13, May 15, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 22.

as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at home to her friends in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

**St. Regis Roof,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this warm-weather haven. . . . You'll find Freddy Miller's and Bob Simone's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where much is made of Viennese waltzes.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers Imogen Carpenter and dance music by Joseph C. Smith's and Russ Smith's orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The lofty Starlight Roof has dance music by Xavier Cugat's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Tito Guizar. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

**Supper Clubs**—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a fairly new one you may have heard about, with Claude Alphand, the Leonard Ware Trio, and several more. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Libby Holman to listen to and the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

**Miscellaneous**—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show which includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer *small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra.* . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; songs by Maggi McNellis and dance music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Arab might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some other entertainers. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): the show here includes a pickpocket; Roy Fox's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): *songs and atmosphere for people* who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

**Broadway Atmosphere**—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Carmen Amaya, with Machito's rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

**Mostly for Music**—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra presiding. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

**Foreign Flavor**—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

## ART

**American Impressionists**—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: water colors and oils by Childe Hassam. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: paintings by Ernest Lawson, done between 1889 and 1938. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern P'kw'y—The Museum's twelfth biennial water-color exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.

**Collages**—Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, Max Ernst, Joan Miró, and about thirty other artists exhibit their works in this medium: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

**Julio de Diego**—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

**Max Ernst**—Recent drawings and collages; also, ceramics by Catherine Yarrow: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 21.

**Groups**—At the **FRIENDS OF GREECE,** 52 E. 57: Pavel Tchelitchew, Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and others; a Greek war relief benefit. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils by Jon Corbino, Eugene Higgins, Louis Bosa, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: four Americans, George Constant, Joseph Foshko, Orenzo Gasparo, and James Lechay, show their recent oils. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: new water colors by Mary Drake Coles, Leonard Pytlak, and Chris Ritter. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve. 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

**Stanley William Hayter**—Recent drawings, prints, and engraved plasters: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

**Independents**—Annual helter-skelter of works by members of the Society of Independent Artists: Hall of Art, 25 W. 40. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 19.

**Jacob Lawrence**—A series of gouaches of Harlem life: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

**Reginald Marsh**—Paintings by a New York artist in his first show in two years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

**Metropolitan Museum,** 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder; also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

**Henry Moore**—Drawings, water colors, and one sculpture by this English artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

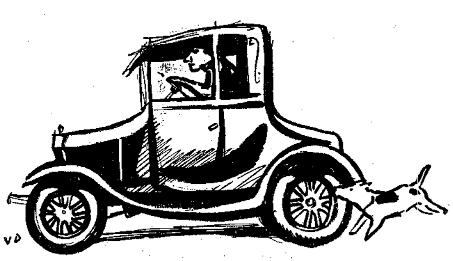
**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures (through June 6); also, religious folk art of the Southwest (through June 13). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

**Georgia O'Keeffe**—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

**Old and Modern Masters**—Over a hundred portraits by artists from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, shown with modern headdresses inspired by the paintings; a benefit for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

**Portraits**—Loan exhibition of oils by John Singer Sargent, Giovanni Boldini, Cecelia Beaux, and other painters of fifty years ago; a Red Cross benefit: Grand Central, 5 Ave. at 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sun., May 16.

**Abraham Rattner**—Recent paintings by this realistic artist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.



**Laura Steig**—Paintings of New Mexico and the West Indies: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Mon., May 17.

**Ossip Zadkine**—Recent abstract sculptures: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

**Here and There**—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils on paper by Iver Rose. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **MORTIMER BRANDT,** 50 E. 57: canvases by Francis Chapin. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: paintings by Boris Margo. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: retrospective showing of paintings and drawings by Charles Dana Gibson. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: one-man show of recent primitive paintings by Josephine Joy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: landscapes and figure paintings by Rudolf Jacobi. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: figure and flower paintings *and drawings by* Helen Ratkai. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: recent color prints by some young Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 26. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: twenty-six recent oils, mostly landscapes, by Eugen Ludins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: imaginative oils by Carol Blanchard. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 5.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

**Workmen's Circle Chorus**—With Mischa Mischakoff and a ballet corps in a benefit program for the Jewish Labor Committee: Carnegie Hall, Sat., May 15, at 8 P.M.

**Viennese Music Festival**—Members of the Philharmonic-Symphony directed by Robert Stolz; soloists, Hertha Glaz, Mishel Piastro, and Mario Berini; a benefit for the Federation of Crippled and Disabled: Carnegie Hall, Tues., May 18, at 8:30 P.M.

**Recitals**—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Vladimir Horowitz, Mon., May 17, at 8:30 P.M.; Alexander Vilalta, Wed., May 19, at 8:40 P.M. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Jan Peerce, Dorothy Kirsten, and others in a benefit for the Deborah Jewish Tuberculosis Society, Sun., May 16, at 8 P.M.; a lecture-recital showing the influence of folk songs and jazz on serious modern music, with Virgil Thomson, Art Hodes, Richard Dyer-Bennett, and others, a benefit for the Little Red Schoolhouse, Tues., May 18, at 8:30 P.M.

## OPERA

**Rosalinda**—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri., May 13-14, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., May 15, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 16 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Mon. through Thurs., May 17-20, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri., May 21, at 3 P.M., and Sat., May 22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Fri., May 13-14, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sat., May 15, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 16 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Mon., May 17, time to be announced, and Tues. through Thurs., May 18-20, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Fri., May 21, at 3 P.M., and Sat., May 22, at 2:30 P.M.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, lightweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., May 21. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

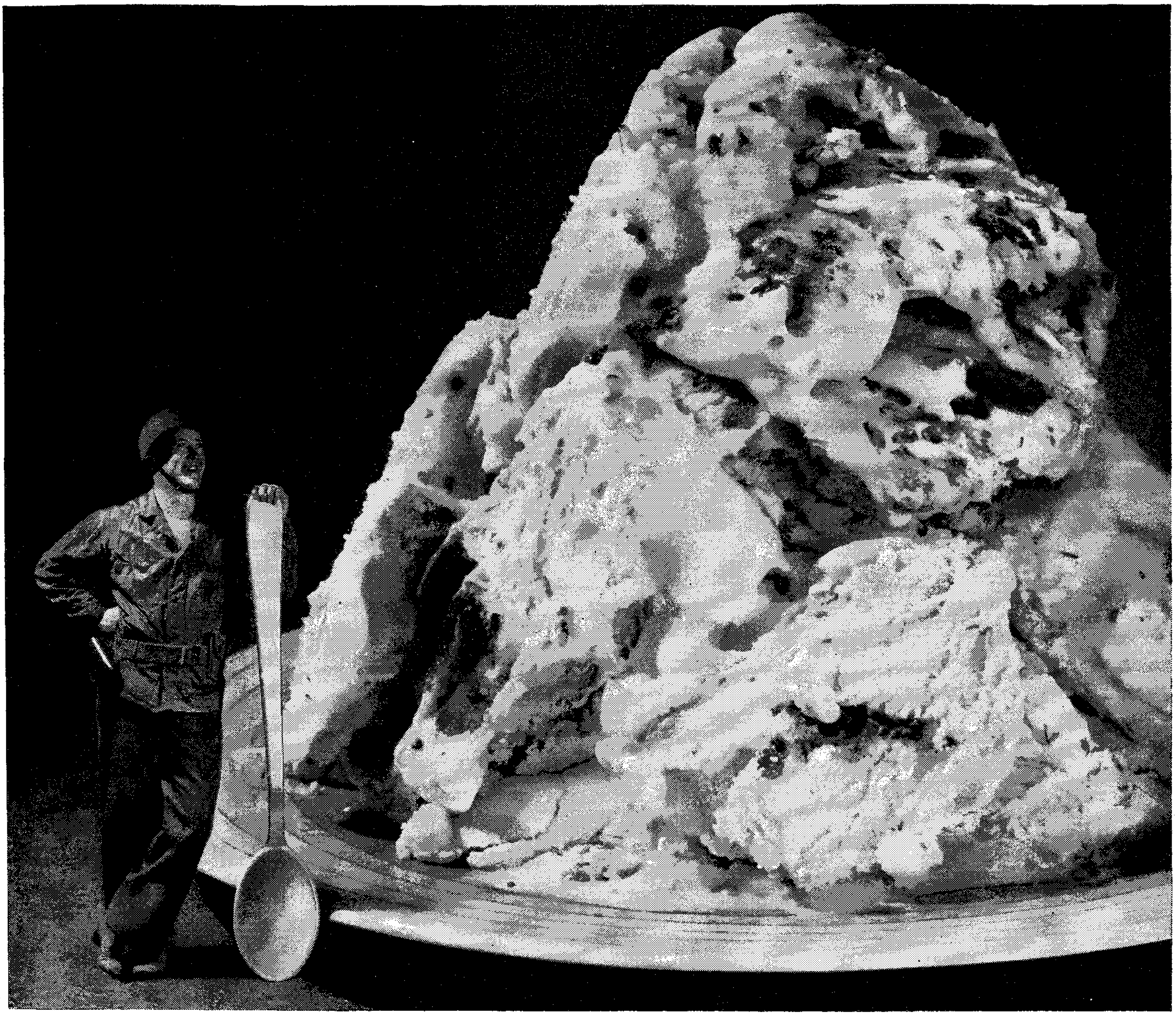
**Racing**—Weekdays at Belmont Park at 1:30 P.M.; through June 5. (Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 15; the Acorn, Wed., May 19; the Juvenile, and the Withers, Sat., May 22.)

**Track and Field**—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat., May 15; trials at 10 A.M., finals at 2:30 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**The Circus**—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

**Wartime Exhibitions**—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of small arms and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through June 30.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# Here's what one leatherneck dreams about!

One Marine's dream of the post-war world is a mountain of strawberry ice cream. He wrote his girl from Guadalcanal that he wants it three times a day, every day for five years. In standard servings, that's over 900 quarts!

Strawberry ice cream was a symbol, of course, to a hot, tired fighting man in a fox-hole — a symbol of his home town and the corner drug store — a symbol of America. It must have appealed to lots of folks, for many newspapers carried the story.

There are good reasons why ice cream is on Army menus regularly — good reasons why busy war workers eat so much of it. It's more than a delicious dessert — *it's a valuable food* — rich in vitamins and calcium.

Right now, of course, ice cream must come from the same milk supply that furnishes milk, cream, butter and cheese to soldiers, civilians and allies alike. That means less ice cream for your family's use. If you'll be content with your fair share — if you'll accept part of your order in fruit ices — *you* can continue to enjoy ice cream.

And *we'll* continue to improve ice cream processing and packaging—controlling its quality —keeping it pure and good.

We'll continue our intensive laboratory research . . . developing important new products from milk . . . bringing to America's fighters, workers and friendly allies the full benefits of nature's most nearly perfect food.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

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**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
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**Mrs.**
**Pleasants Pennington**
*presents*

**a washable spun rayon print, fly-front from hem to neckline. Self belt, gored skirt, wide hem, cuffed short sleeves and excellent in sizes 10 to 20. Chinese red, true blue, aqua or brown background and white flowers.**
**MAIL ORDERS FILLED.**
**7.95**

Please include postage outside delivery area.

**Chez Rosette**
**Ten East Fifty-sixth Street**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

### THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 22.

. . . **FREEDOM HOUSE,** 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**—Driftwood, hands, Brazilian donkeys, and other subjects photographed by Herbert Matter: Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

**GARDEN EXHIBITIONS**—The annual City Gardens Club tour, this year of vegetable as well as flower gardens; a benefit for United China Relief and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York: Thurs., May 13 and 20, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.) . . . The penthouse vegetable garden of Helena Rubinstein, 625 Park, at 65; a benefit, sponsored by the State Institute of Applied Agriculture, for Russian War Relief and the Friends of Greece: Fri., Sat., and Mon., May 14, 15, and 17, from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. (For tickets, call EL 5-2100, Ext. 11.)

**TULIP SHOW**—A special one-day event at the Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Wed., May 19, from 2:30 to 5 P.M.

**BENEFIT**—A dance, as well as entertainment by the People's Chorus of New York, for the benefit of the American Flying Services Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs., May 20, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CO 5-4036.)

**ON THE AIR**—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Racing: from Belmont Park, the Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 15; the Withers, Sat., May 22; at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

**AUCTIONS**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English porcelains, American glass, and Chinese objects of art, from the collection of the late Alice Jones Willock: Thurs. and Fri., May 13-14, at 10:30 A.M. and 2 P.M., and Sat., May 15, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions and other rare books from the libraries of Mrs. Juliana Force and others: Mon., May 17, at 2 P.M.

## MOTION PICTURES

**AIR FORCE**—All the action, which is naturally plenty, seen by one imaginary bomber crew over the Pacific in December, 1941. John Garfield and Harry Carey, among others. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., May 19.)

**CASABLANCA**—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower North Africa. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 13.)

**DESERT VICTORY**—A great British documentary, showing the pursuit of Rommel across a good portion of Africa. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., May 19.)

**EDGE OF DARKNESS**—Norwegians vs. Germans on an occasionally titanic scale. With Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and so on. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 20.)

**THE HEART OF A NATION**—Episodic French film about the history of a French family from 1871 on up. The good episodes are good and, besides, there's always the cast, which includes Raimu, Louis Jouvet, and Michèle Morgan. Scraps of spoken narrative by Charles Boyer, and English titles. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., May 19.)

**THE HUMAN COMEDY**—William Saroyan's disregard of form turns out very nicely in the movies, although his heavy optimism doesn't always. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

**JOURNEY INTO FEAR**—Orson Welles' treatment of the novel about intrigue in Turkey. Welles is in it, too, along with Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 14-16.)

**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**—Dramatic story about a national idol who dies respected by all but is later found by a reporter to have been a menace. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., May 17. . . . State, B'way at 45; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., May 19.)

**MISSION TO MOSCOW**—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong-enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

**THE MORE THE MERRIER**—The bright side of housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

**NEXT OF KIN**—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. Nova Pilbeam is in the cast. (Rialto, B'way at 42; through Tues., May 18.)

**THE OX-BOW INCIDENT**—A good grim one about a lynching in the West, adapted from the novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. With Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Mary Beth Hughes, Frank Conroy, and others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

**SALUDOS AMIGOS**—Walt Disney's colorful report on South America, with a cast including Donald Duck, Goofy, and a new parrot. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 14-16.)

**THE YOUNG MR. PITT**—Isolationism, economic problems, and some fine flights of rhetoric in England under Pitt the Younger. With Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 14. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., May 16. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., May 14-17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 16-17.)

## REVIVALS

**THE BIG STORE** (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 13.)

**CITIZEN KANE** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 14.)

**DESTRY RIDES AGAIN** (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., May 16-17.)

**THE EARL OF CHICAGO** (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. With Robert Montgomery. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 14. . . . *Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington* at 52; Sat. through Mon., May 15-17.)

**GONE WITH THE WIND** (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 14.)

**JOY OF LIVING** (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., May 18-20.)

**THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. With Harry Baur. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., May 16-17.)

**LOVE CRAZY** (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., May 13.)

**THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS** (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the novel by Tarkington. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 18-20.)

**MAJOR BARBARA** (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 14.)

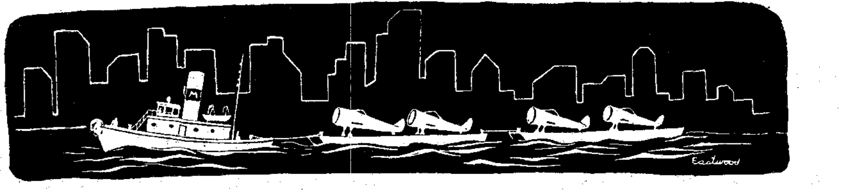
**THE MALE ANIMAL** (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 13.)

**STORM IN A TEACUP** (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 19-21.)

**THEODORA GOES WILD** (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 14).

**WHEN TOMORROW COMES** (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., May 13.)

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., MAY 13:** "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski. **FRI. AND SAT., MAY 14-15:** "Grand Illusion" (1938), Erich von Stroheim, Jean Ga-



WE BELONG
TO THE
CLEAN
PLATE
CLUB

# WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?

**THE STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST UNEXCLUSIVE CLUB**
**DUES:**
*A clean plate at every meal*

Here are the shocking facts:

While six per cent of America's food production in 1942 went to our fighting allies . . .

And while seven per cent went to our own armed forces . . .

FIFTEEN per cent of our food was *wasted* in American dining rooms and kitchens!

The fifteen per cent we wasted—this one meal in every seven we left on our plates—would have fed all our fighting men and filled all our ships carrying Lend-Lease food to United Nations allies.

That is why The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune recently invited the people of Minnesota and the upper Mississippi valley to join the Clean Plate Club.

Pledge cards and posters (see picture above) appeared in the newspapers daily . . . editorials emphasized food shortages and the need to eliminate waste . . . individuals and groups were invited to sign up to "lick the plate clean" at every meal. The clean plate idea has for some time been emphasized by the Red Cross Nutrition Council; Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes; the Department of Agriculture and by Ronald J. Chinnock of Glencoe, Ill., who started a club for youngsters almost a year ago.

So great was the response of the upper Mississippi valley to the Clean Plate campaign of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune, that on March 30 these newspapers, through advertisements in other newspapers, invited nationwide membership.

Representatives Hagen and Pittenger of Minnesota entered the announcement in the Congressional Record . . . the Department of Agriculture asked for details . . . said Representative Gross of Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives: "If we could cut that waste in half, it would solve our food problem."

The Clean Plate Club was organized in Minnesota because the farmers of Minnesota, who stand in the forefront of the free world's producers of milk, butter, beef, poultry, potatoes, sweet corn, and other foodstuffs, want to make certain that the products of their farms and food-processing plants go toward *Victory*.

Their appeal has gone out to the nation through the pages of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune because these are the favorite newspapers of the upper Mississippi valley—read by more than 300,000 families every week day, more than 350,000 every Sunday—relied upon by food-producing Minnesota and its neighbor States not only for accurate, complete news coverage and sound editorial guidance, but also as good neighbors, able spokesmen and dependable friends.

## Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000

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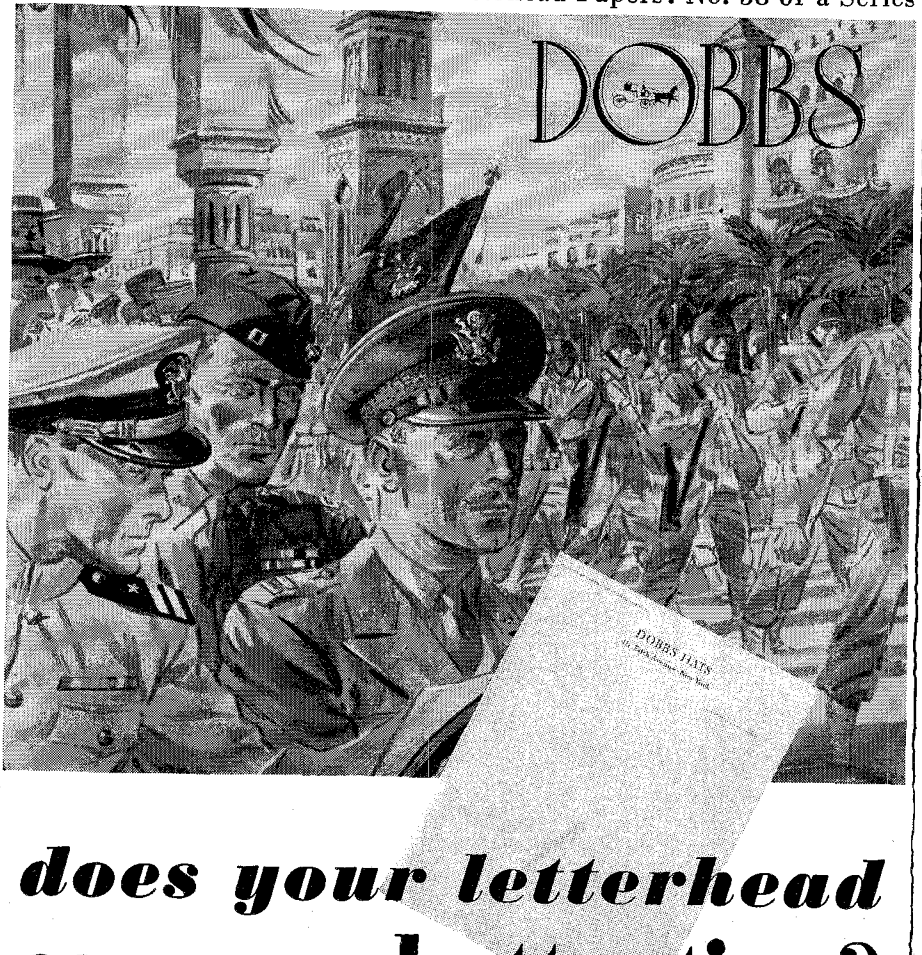

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**command attention?**

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**STRATHMORE** *MAKERS OF FINE PAPERS*

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bin. SUN. AND MON., MAY 16-17: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly. TUES. AND WED., MAY 18-19: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), in Russian. THURS. AND FRI., MAY 20-21: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Eisenstein. SAT., MAY 22: "Harvest" (1939) in French.

## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

**SALVAGE**—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute, and officials say they have reason to believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for whatever fat you can spare. Strain the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to handle. . . . Rubber, except for tires and inner tubes, is no longer wanted for salvage, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash the cans thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the proper hands.

**VOLUNTEER WORK**—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs now open should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help civilians sign up with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from midnight to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs.

**SUBURBS AND COUNTRY**—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

**GIFTS AND LOANS**—The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have any to lend, call the club to see whether yours meet the specifications. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, athletic paraphernalia, or card tables which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to learn whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

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KENTUCKY TAVERN
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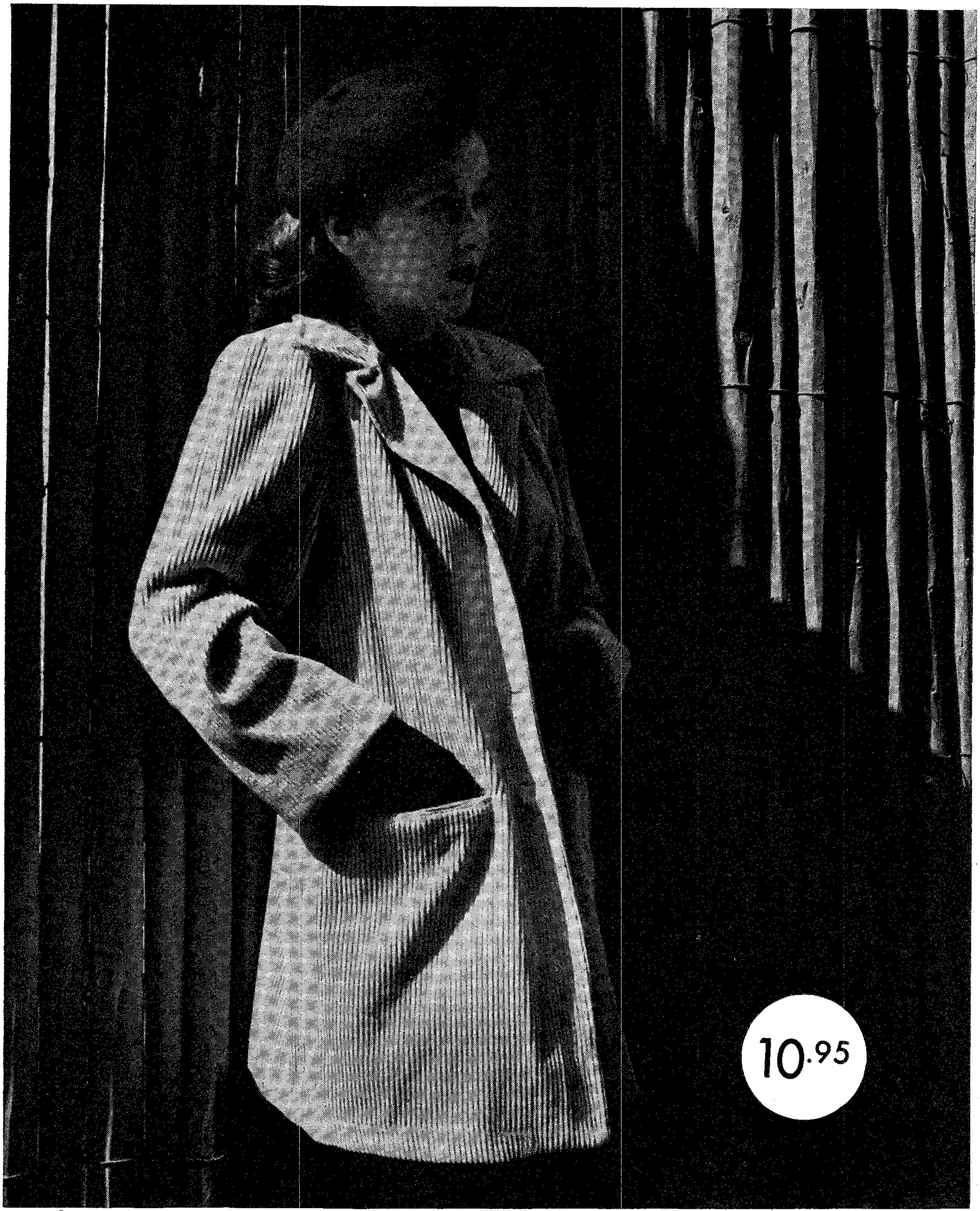

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THE NEW YORKER

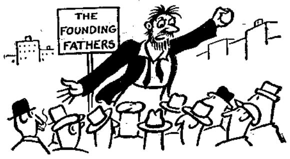
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

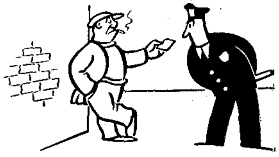
DR. GALLUP, the asker, has asked people whether they favor an international police force, and three out of four have said they do. That is very nice. It is also quite misleading. Asking a man whether he wants an international police force is like asking him whether he wants the Rockettes. Of course he does, but the question is not whether he thinks the Rockettes are a good idea but whether he knows what is in back of them, making them effective; in short, whether he is in earnest about the girls and willing to give up time and money to build a stage big enough to hold them, hire an orchestra loud enough to accompany them, buy costumes rich enough to adorn them, and in general sustain an organization orderly enough to give them meaning and make them click. Dr. Gallup should ask his question again, this time adding, "And you people realize, of course, that a police force is no good if simply used as a threat to strengthen agreements between independent powers, that to have meaning it must be the certified agent of the law, that to have law we must first have a constitutional world society, and that to achieve that each nation must say goodbye to its own freedom of action and to its long-established custom of doing as it damn well pleases. *Now* how many of you want an international police force?"

Here's one hand up, Dr. Gallup.

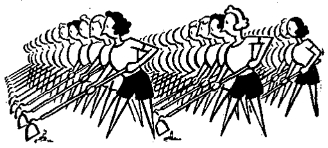
A GROUP of Englishmen, we read, are planning to start a radical party, to be called quite simply the Radical Party. If this plan goes through, it will give Britain four major parties: a conservative party called the Conservative Party, a liberal party called the Liberal Party, a labor party called the Labor (or Labour) Party, and a radical party called the Radical Party. We think that is a sound way of naming political parties. In this country, where we have two chief parties, each of which includes conservatives, radicals, labor people, and even a few small-letter democrats and republicans, no new party could possibly get off to such a frank and unambiguous start. If a new radical party were formed here, it would choose the oldest and most traditional-sounding name it could find, say the Federalist Party or the Founding Fathers or the Constitutionalists, and then it would try to recruit members of all political shadings, right through to last-ditch reactionaries, and somehow try to keep them in the dark about its aims. In France, on the other hand, in the days when that unhappy land still had parties, a new one would be called the Left Socialist Revolutionaries and would be well to the right of centre. All in all, we think the spade-calling of the British is admirable. They may go in for some very peculiar parliamentary business, like clearing the House of Commons for secret sessions by having the Prime Minister look up at the galleries and shout "I espy strangers!," but over there when you call a man a Tory people know what you mean.



A MIDDLE-AGED divinity student, delivering a Bible in Brooklyn for the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society, was recently set upon by four thugs and robbed. He was carrying no money, but the thieves took his draft-classification card and seemed gratified. The point is that classification cards are precious things to the underworld these days, particularly draft classifications that show exemptions, and without a doubt some anonymous Brooklyn gangster is going to be carrying a classification card from now on which indicates that he is a student of divinity. We can picture him clearly: a tough little man in cap and sweater, lolling around on street corners and staring insolently at cops. "Whaddya mean, I ain't no divinity student!" he will snarl at any officer presumptuous enough to examine his classification card. "Anybody says I ain't no divinity student I'll knock his damn block off." It seems like a pretty ugly situation to us as we think about it, and we would say that the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society should have considered all the angles before sending a missionary across the river.



THUS far, the photographs we have seen of Victory gardens have been spirited and attractive, but from a strictly horticultural standpoint they have been distinctly forbidding. There was a picture in *Life* the other day of "pretty bare-legged girl students" tilling a piece of ground in Portland, Oregon, and although it was a small plot we counted seventy-four girls, each with a tool in her hand, coiled, ready to strike. The girls (pretty, bare-legged) were spaced at what appeared to be two-foot intervals, or approximately one girl to a tomato plant. For a nation at war, such intensive cultivation may spell Victory, and probably does, but for a practical farmer it would spell trouble. Seventy-four girls bunched up that way would pack the soil down so hard he would have to put his horse in there with a



spiketooth harrow to loosen things up after them.

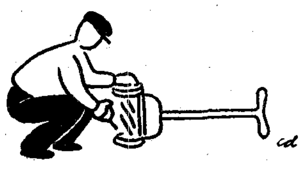
## *Service*

PASSING by the employees' entrance of the Waldorf-Astoria a week or so ago, we saw an arresting sign: "Wanted, Waiters, Elevator Operators, Buss Girls."

## *Counsellor*

OUR advice is to take any problems you may have involving poultry to a certain Mr. Paul Ives, who is, on this particular subject, omniscient. Mr. Ives can be found in a booth labelled "Consulting Service" in the new section at Macy's known as the Barnyard, where live poultry and rabbits are sold and where the customers naturally have more questions to ask than in, say, the Buttons and Novelties section. Being editor of *Cackle & Crow*, a monthly dedicated to the chicken, and author of "How to Raise Poultry" (Crown Publishing Co., $1), Mr. Ives knows all the answers. We looked in on him one recent afternoon and heard him give what sounded like a reasonable reply to just about every query imaginable, including "Where's the men's washroom?"

We found him to be a kindly-appearing man with glasses and a baldish head and wearing a small gold rooster on his lapel. When he had a little time to spare, he told us that the thing that surprised him most about the current chicken-raising boom is the success even the rankest beginners are having. The mortality rate among baby chicks that have fallen into the hands of amateurs, we learned, is remarkably low. "The other day," Mr. Ives said, "a fireman who bought twenty chicks here a while ago stopped back and told me he'd had very bad luck. Then I found out that all he'd lost was one. It fell off a bench in his cellar and he stepped on it." We were informed, however, that, generally speaking, the main danger to chicks comes not from the human foot but from cold. If there isn't a brooding hen around for chicks to huddle up against, it's important for them to have an electric-light bulb lit in their quarters.



While Mr. Ives was discussing capons with a gentleman customer (crossing a Cornish with a Plymouth Rock produces excellent capon material, it seems), we glanced at a pamphlet lying on the counter of the booth. It announced that Dailey's Poultry Feeds are "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of the Poultrymen." We also came across a postcard that seemed to have strayed over from the complaint department. It was from a lady in Pennsylvania and read, "Through Macy's Barnyard I ordered a yearling male White-Crested Black Polish. There is a necessity that I have this bird at once. Will you please send him to me at the above address?" When Mr. Ives could give us his attention again, he told us that it was Macy's policy not to sell fewer than a dozen chicks to a person, to discourage their being bought for children's pets, and that only a small fraction of the store's poultry stock was on the premises. Most of it is in outlying hatcheries. "Out of the stock here we fill orders for maximum lots of a hundred chicks, and we only get rid of a couple of thousand a day," Mr. Ives said. "From the hatcheries we can fill an order for a million—except nobody's ordered a million yet."

At this point a man came along who was worried about the fact that his chickens' feed seemed to be sticking to the roofs of their mouths. "Are you giving them plenty of water?" Mr. Ives asked him. The man said yes, he was. "Then I wouldn't worry about it," said Mr. Ives. "Thanks. That's a tremendous relief," said the man. He was followed by a married couple who were thinking of raising chicks right in their apartment and wanted to know if it was feasible. "Well," Mr. Ives said, "it's kind of expensive to give up one whole room for it." "Giving up a whole room is out of the question," said the husband. "Well, chickens can live anywhere a human being can," said Mr. Ives. The couple said they thought they'd go ahead with the project. Next, a saleslady came up and said, "I've got a woman that would like to know what to expect from a three-eighty-nine hen." "Which are the three-eighty-nine hens?" Mr. Ives asked. "Ready to lay," said the saleslady. "The eggs will be rather small for a week or so," said Mr. Ives.

We discovered before we left that while at Macy's Mr. Ives has not only handed out information, he has picked up a bit. "Do you know," he asked us, "that ten thousand people are employed in this store and a hundred and thirty-five thousand customers come in on an average day?"

## *Solicitude*

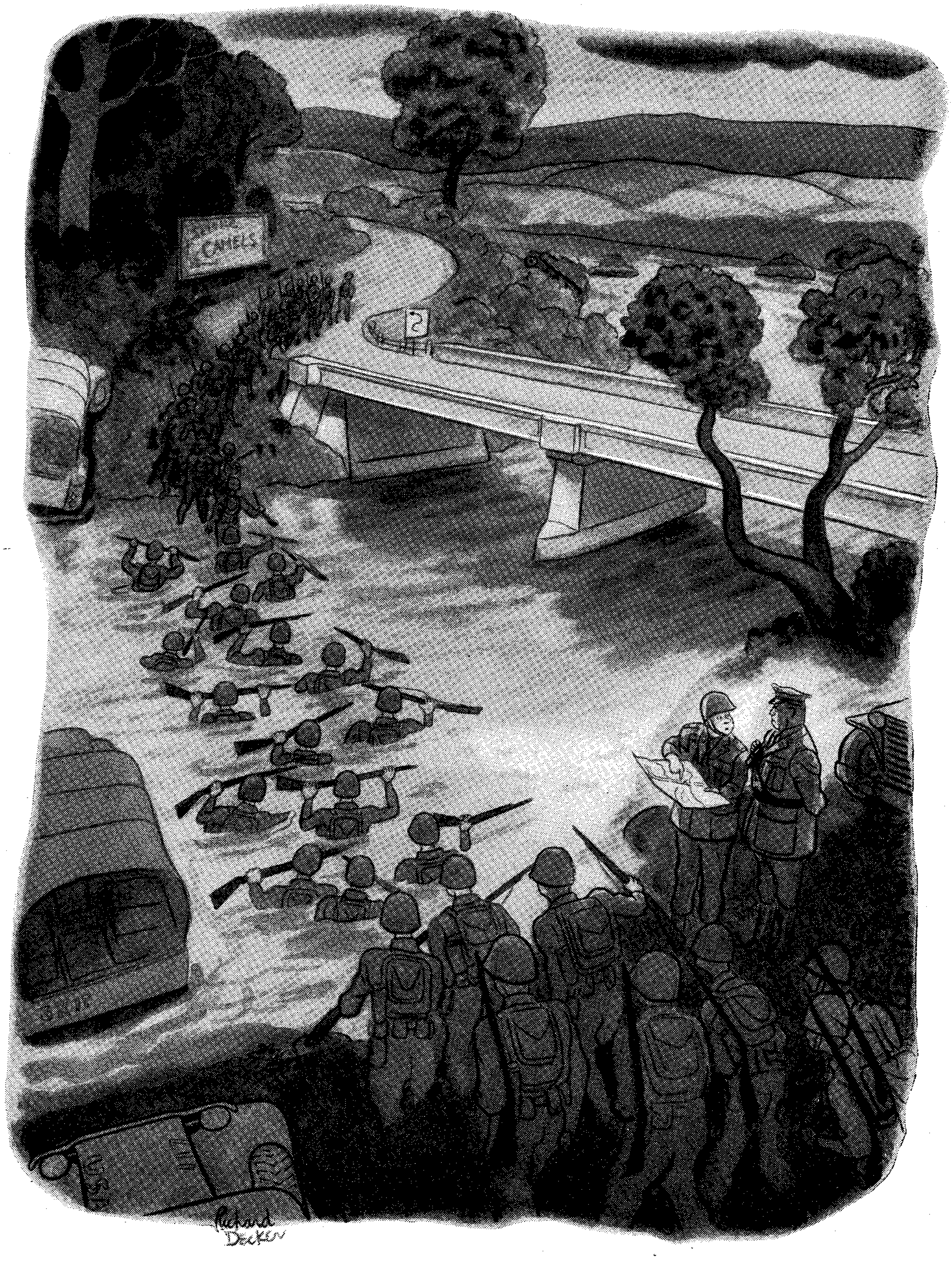
WE continue to hear censor stories. A fellow we know got a letter from a flying officer in England, in which an excision had been made, apparently of some reference to flying activities. This had resulted in the mangling of a rather earthy anecdote on the reverse side of the paper. The censor had taken care of this by writing in above the scissored cutout, in his firm, neat censor's handwriting, every single missing word.

## *Well-Furnished Lifeboat*

NOT since the days of Robinson Crusoe, who arrived on his lonely island with a complete tool kit and a keg of assorted nails, have mariners been so thoughtfully provided for in emergencies as they are today, and now it's all very scientific. We have just inspected one of the new lifeboats which are already standard equipment on Liberty ships and will eventually replace all the old-fashioned lifeboats in the merchant fleet. One lifeboat, completely outfitted, is on display at the National Maritime Union headquarters on West Seventeenth Street. The Union has realized that only a small fraction of its membership knows much about procedure and behavior aboard a modern lifeboat and is conducting regular classes with an old salt named Mr. Fitzsimmons in charge.

The new lifeboat is more like a motor launch than a rowboat. It is of steel and is longer, wider, and deeper than the old wooden boats. It has an iron rail running along the bottom, on the outside, which, if the boat capsizes, serves as a handhold for the crew and makes it easier to right, and there's a pump for getting out the sea water.

One of the most important items of the boat's equipment is a metal tube containing a set of hydrographic navigation charts showing the prevailing winds and currents of all the oceans. The charts are intended to help any uneducated castaways to grasp the fact that heading for the nearest land isn't always the quickest way to get ashore. For instance, if a boat is even a short way off the lower west coast of Africa, the prevailing current makes it wiser to head for South America, although it's twenty-five hundred miles away.



*"But we couldn't use the bridge, sir. It's been blown up."*

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Fishing tackle is now provided for each boat, and of course directions for squeezing diced-up fish to get an adequate substitute for drinking water. This dodge is one of the great innovations of the war. The food supply consists of chocolate tablets, milk tablets, pemmican, and biscuits—one ounce of each per person per day for fourteen days. The water supply is kept in tanks fastened to the sides of the boat at wide intervals, to lessen the chance of all the water being lost at once if the boat is strafed from the air. These tanks are constructed somewhat like the gasoline tank on an automobile and the water is got out by a little bucket on a chain. This is supposed to remain in the possession of the commanding officer, to remove the danger of anyone's cheating at night.

The Maritime Union hopes that every lifeboat will eventually have a miraculous little radio gadget that broadcasts an SOS when a button is pushed. If this does nothing else, it will boost morale by giving the castaways a feeling that they are in contact with the rest of the world. Another morale item is a supply of cigarettes, which are also valuable as a pacifier for empty stomachs. There's a sail, dyed red to provide for high visibility, and a yellow awning, easily spotted from the air. There is a set of plugs for repairing bullet holes below the waterline, a set of side curtains to keep out spray, a tank of oil for calming heavy seas, rocket flares, a rubber-cased flashlight for signalling, six woollen blankets in a waterproof bag, a bucket, a jackknife, a whistle, a Bible in a waterproof package, and a first-aid kit. Once the war is over, taking to the lifeboats, it seems, will be a pleasure.

## *View*

IF this magazine has done anything to earn your confidence through the years, you will please believe that we don't invent conversations such as the one here appended; they just happen, that's all. A lady, obviously an eager out-of-town visitor, boarded a Stamford local at Grand Central and asked the conductor, "Does this train go to Mt. Vernon?" He said it did. The lady then had a further question: "Which side should I sit on for the best view?" "Take your choice, Madam," the conductor said. “It's Bronx all the way, on both sides.”

### *The Willkie*

AT the offices of Simon & Schuster, they call Mr. Willkie's “One World” simply “The Willkie.” When we were up there, twenty-four days after The Willkie had been published, the sales record stood at 677,938 (the staff checks up on it from moment to moment, the way people keep looking at the thermometer on a hot day). The printing order had just reached an even million copies. The production of The Willkie is in the hands of two printers, each of whom uses two sets of plates and operates on a round-the-clock schedule. After selling 197,130 copies the first week, the book has settled down to a nice, steady 25,000 a day, and this may well go on until everybody has a copy. It will be published soon in England, and the London *Daily Telegraph* has acquired the English newspaper serial rights. Arrangements have been made for the publication of translations in Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Chinese, Russian, Turkish, and several Hindu dialects. The German edition will be brought out by L. B. Fischer Verlag, an exiled firm now operating in Switzerland. All in all, The Willkie looks like the biggest thing since the Dionne Quintuplets.

Just by way of background, we might inform you that The Willkie is the third work of nonfiction published since 1900 to sell over a million copies (we're assuming that by the time you read this it will practically have done so). The others, if you haven't already guessed, were H. G. Wells' “Outline of History” and Dale Carnegie's “How to Win Friends and Influence People.” In the field of fiction, the biggest sellers have been, through the years, “Ben Hur,” “The Call of the Wild,” “The Winning of Barbara Worth,” practically everything ever written by Gene Stratton Porter, and of course “Gone With the Wind.” The Willkie has the speed record all sewed up for both fact and fiction, since the other books made their sales records over a period of months or even years, with the aid of successively cheaper reprints.

We also dropped in at Mr. Willkie's law office to see how all this was affecting him. “I'd be kidding you if I said I hadn't expected it to sell, but I didn't expect it to go over a hundred and fifty thousand,” he told us, adding candidly, “This has been one of the most richly satisfying experiences in my life.” He is even resigned to the fact that these phenomenal sales are, in all probability, going to leave him out of pocket. He had thought just to give away his royalties, on a share-and-share-alike basis, to the American Red Cross, and the British, Chinese, and Russian War Relief Funds, but life isn't that simple these days. The gimmick in this case is the fact that if his royalties reach the not improbable figure of $100,000, Mr. Willkie will zoom into a stratospheric surtax bracket, and, even after deducting as much of the gifts as allowed, will still have to pay about twice the tax he would have if he hadn't written a book. A tax expert is nibbling at this problem, but Willkie intends to go through with his plan whether or not the tax expert hits on anything. Another not inconsiderable item of expense is his fan mail, which has jumped from an average of five hundred letters a week to fifteen hundred, making it necessary to engage two more secretaries; this brings Willkie's personal staff to seven. He's getting good at autographing books; when he started, he could do only three a minute. Now he can do five a minute and can keep it up indefinitely. The secret, he says, is to rest your forearm on the Brooklyn Telephone Directory. Not the Manhattan Directory; that's a trifle too thick.

### *Wrong Cavity*

STORY about a lady and a dentist. The lady awoke a few days ago to find what she took to be a gold inlay from one of her teeth lying on her pillow. Thanking her stars that she hadn't swallowed it in the night, she rushed it to her dentist, a fellow who mingles a certain dry humor with his activities. He studied the fragment solemnly. “Do you sleep alone?” he asked. “Why, yes,” said the lady in some surprise. “Do you have a picture over the head of your bed?” he continued. “Yes,” the lady said, feeling vaguely like a figure in a murder investigation. “Does it have a gold frame?” he asked. When the lady said yes to that too, he handed the fragment back to her. “Well, that's where this came from,” he told her. “It's a piece that got chipped off the frame. What you need is some glue. No drilling.”

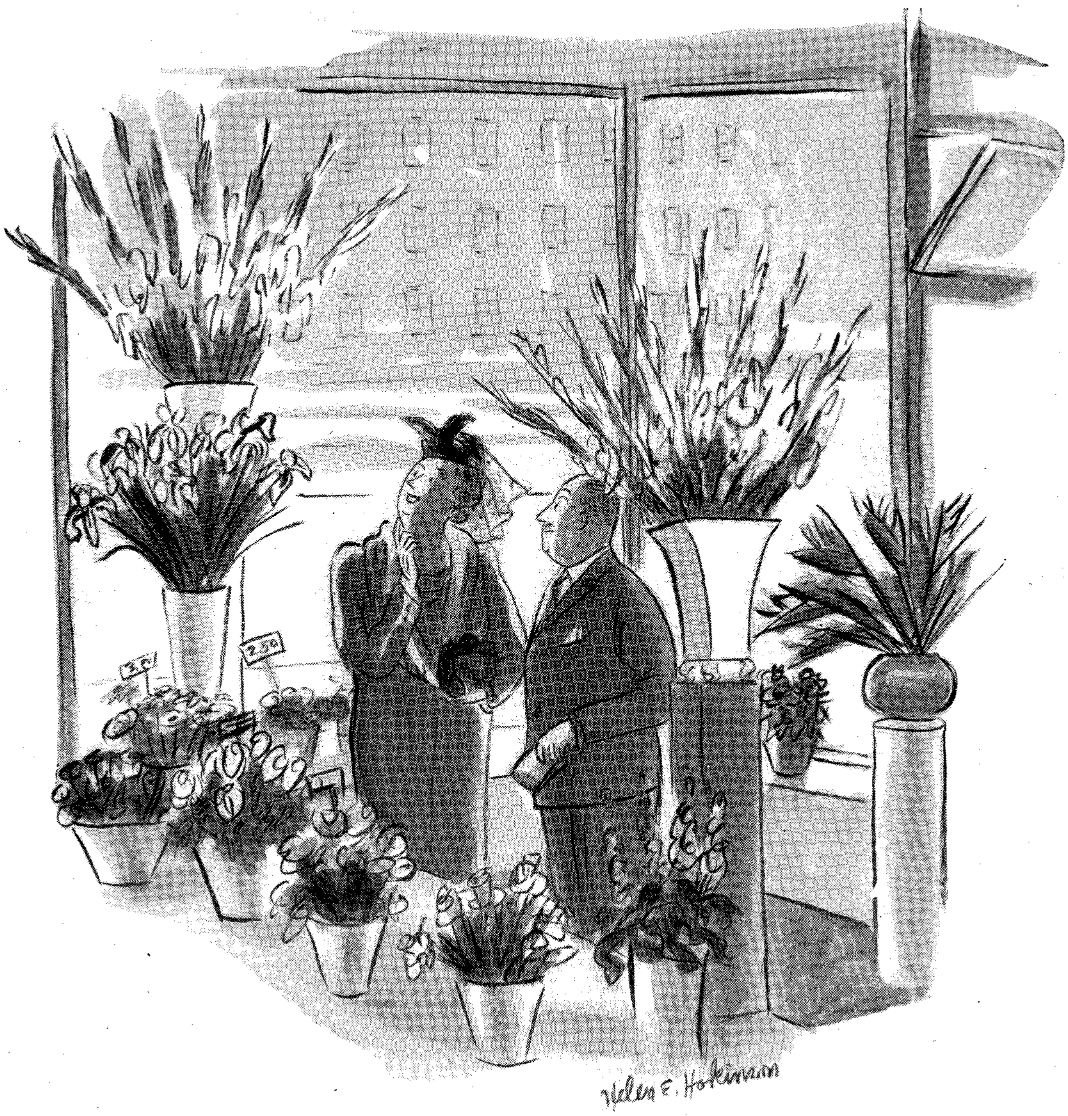
### *Vivace*

DR. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, who is retiring in June from his position as organist of St. Thomas and headmaster of its choir school, has bought a house in Rockport, Massachusetts, where he plans to write music—hymns, by choice. “I can hardly wait to get at it, you know,” he said to us the other day. “I like to write hymns better than anything. You know what you're doing all the time—we moderns always have glorious old Bach to lean on when we become lost, and that makes it ever so much better, doesn't it?” Dr. Noble had his seventy-fifth birthday last year, and decided that it was time to leave St. Thomas, “to make way for the pushing young particles coming up.” He is gray-haired but still erect and slender. “I describe myself as spry,” he told us. “I think that's quite accurate. I'm a spry old man.” Then he added, “It's rather a lu-

gubrious business, this retiring. It could get a man down frightfully, but I look on the bright side, willy-nilly—the lovely mornings with the sun shining after breakfast, not really a care in the world, and nothing to do but write music.”

Dr. Noble has three sisters in England, all older than he and all of them spry. “My oldest sister, now eighty-eight, writes that she won't leave London under any circumstances. I believe she actually likes the excitement of war,” he said. The youngest of a family of nine, he was born in Bath and brought up in Colchester, England. He was something of a musical prodigy; he gave a Bach recital at the age of eleven, at Bath. This was his father's influence at work. “It should be made crystal clear that my father's stature as a musician was that of a giant,” he told us, “an amateur giant, of course, but a giant notwithstanding. Had his business dealings and the exigencies of his nine children been less burdening, we would have had another Charles Wesley. On my young shoulders thus fell the mantle of my father's unquestionably justifiable ambitions.” Young Tertius wore the mantle with confidence, winning a scholarship at the Royal College of Music in London and being invited to stay on as a teacher after graduating. He taught for a while, then was the organist at Ely Cathedral, and then went to York Minster as organist and choirmaster. He had meanwhile married the daughter of the Bishop of Truro, Miss Meriel Maude Stubbs. “I rarely strayed from the company of clerics, and naturally I married the daughter of a cleric,” he said. “And may I say that she has made an extraordinarily fine wife.”

The story of how Dr. Noble happened to come to New York cannot be told without disparaging the architecture of St. Thomas Church. “The tale is strange,” Dr. Noble mused. “You have no doubt heard of the famous Will C. Macfarlane. He was, in 1912, organist at St. Thomas, and would spend part of his vacation at York Minster. I asked him once, in a half-joking manner, whether I'd ever be able to find anything to do if I came to America. He replied that the only possible position for me was the one he had and that he had no idea of giving it up. The very next year, mind you, he gave it up; the very next year. He didn't like the choir room in the new edifice; said that it was so low and small that the bass would blow the ceiling off. There was no compromise; he simply resigned.” Dr. Noble was offered Mr. Macfarlane's place, and, on the advice of his archbishop, the great Cosmo Gordon Lang, decided to take it. “I was a little weary of cathedral life in England, to speak with utter frankness,” he said. “And as a youth I had been nicknamed Vivace, meaning ‘lively,’ so I suppose it was in my nature to accept the challenge.” Dr. Noble still thinks his decision was a good one. “Your American boys in some ways surpass even the British lads. Very affectionate, very good—all of them affectionate and good.” Dr. Noble hates to give them up. “Should the fancy strike me, I can always run into town and spend an hour bullying the boys, eh? Nobody could object to that, could they?”



*“It doesn't have to be anything showy. She's only having her tonsils out.”*

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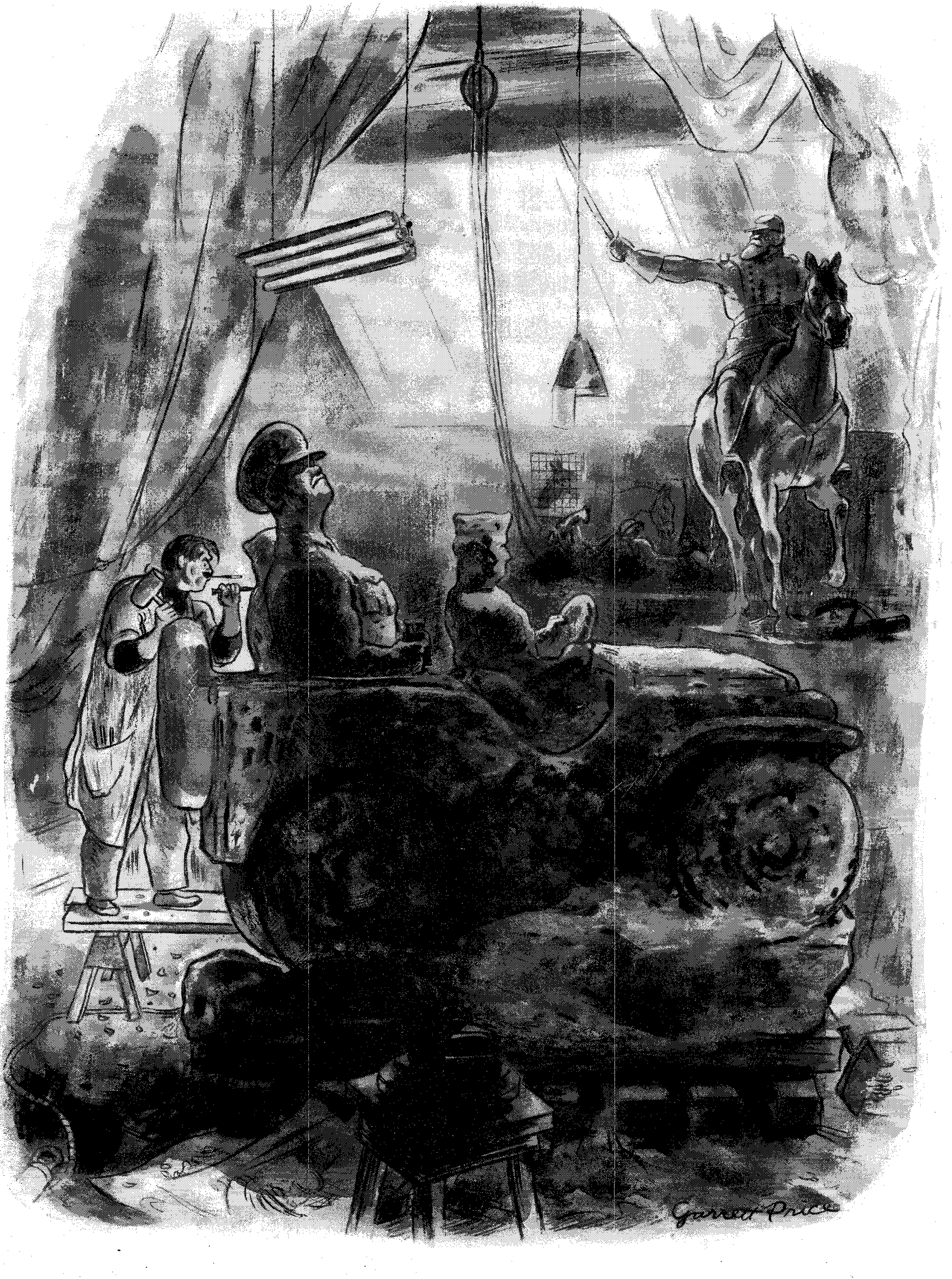
## Reassurance

THE final match of an evening of inexpensive boxing held somewhere in the Bronx last week proved to be unequal. In fact, one of the participants was taking an obvious and unmerciful beating. In the fine old tradition, his senior second did the best he could to keep his morale up. As the dying gladiator came wobbling back to his corner after the sixth round this fellow hopped into the ring and, with the aid of the other second, succeeded in getting his man lowered onto his stool. He then bent over to give him the old pep talk: “You got him goin', Joey. Don't worry. Just keep your head and let him wear hisself out. Keep throwing that left at him and . . . say, can you hear me?”


Garrett Price

# FAITH AT SEA

LIEUTENANT PETER GIFFORD LAWRENCE, U. S. N. R., stood on the foredeck of the S.S. Rascoe, holding lightly onto the canvas-sheathed three-inch gun as the bow dipped and trembled in the harsh chop of the North Atlantic. Five men of the gun crew stood at ease before him, shifting easily with the soaring lift and fall of the Rascoe as she chewed busily into the slate waves that had been hacking at her for six days, getting stronger and stronger as the six-thousand-ton freighter plowed at nine knots toward England.

"The duties of the gun Captain," Constantini was reciting, like a child in school. "A, on manning gun reports through sight setter to group control officer when gun is ready. B, operates plug as necessary. C, calls 'Ready' to pointer when breech is closed . . ."

Lawrence only half listened as Constantini's voice droned on in the regular Thursday-afternoon gunnery class that Lawrence conducted to keep the Navy gun crew alert and interested on the long, monotonous trips. He looked at the five men outlined in mufflers and coats against the low-hanging, cold sun. These, plus the five men on duty now at the after gun, had been given him by the Navy to guard the gray and shabby and valuable life of the Rascoe, and, as always, when he saw them assembled he felt with a mixture of amusement and pity how old he was.

He was only thirty-five, but except for Farrell, the chief petty officer, who was older than he, and Benson, the gunner's mate, who was twenty-five, all the men were under twenty-one. Their faces, bronzed and unlined and boyish, were always solemn and youthfully important when they were assembled like this for any official function, and were especially solemn today, because they had lost the convoy the night before in a storm and were now plodding over the gray wastes toward port vulnerable and alone.

"He is responsible for the conduct, efficiency, and spirit of the crew," Constantini was saying, "and must be made to realize that he is the representative of his battery officer . . ."

"Very good," Lawrence said. "Harris."

"Yes, sir." Harris stood stiffly at attention.

"The duties of the sight setter."

"To set the sights," Harris rattled off glibly, "and to transmit all communications between gun and group control officer . . ."

Lawrence looked up over Harris's head to the bridge. Captain Linsey, his beard patchy and crooked in the wind, was peering angrily down at what he called the Navy kindergarten.

"To call 'Set,' " Harris was saying, "to pointer when sights have been set . . ."

Suddenly Harris stopped. Lawrence turned from looking at Captain Linsey on the bridge. The man next to Harris, William Doneger, was on his knees by Harris's side, gripping Harris's arm with a tortured, clutching hand. Harris stood there stupidly, frightened, looking blankly at the sweating, tense face.

"Doneger—" Lawrence started toward him. Doneger let loose his grip, dropped to the deck, and lay there, bent over and rocking.

Constantini sank swiftly to his knees and took Doneger's head in his hands, tenderly.

"What is it?" Lawrence kneeled beside the two of them, with the other men crowded silent and helpless around them.

Doneger looked up wildly, sweat breaking from his forehead.

"He's been sick all day, sir," Constantini said, his hands almost unconsciously going slowly and soothingly over his friend's forehead. "Terrible bellyache, sir."

Lawrence looked down at the suffering boy. His lips were bleeding from biting them and his face had grown terribly, greenly pale, morbid, and alarming in the cold Atlantic dusk.

"Let's get him below," Lawrence said. "To my quarters." There was no doctor on board and Lawrence's quarters had the medical chest and served as clinic for the Navy men.

Constantini got Doneger under the armpits and one of the other men, Crowley, got him around the knees and they started down with him.

Lawrence looked out across the ocean for a last survey. The water hissed by the Rascoe and the gray waves piled endlessly and monotonously on top of one another and the clouds came down, and that was all. He swallowed a little dryly, thinking of Doneger, racked and contorted, waiting for him, then braced his shoulders consciously and walked slowly toward his quarters.

WHEN Lawrence opened the door of his cabin, Doneger was lying on the extra berth and Constantini was whispering to him, a steady, soft stream of comforting words. "Nothing at all, William, nothing at all." Constantini was the only one on the ship who called Doneger William. All the other men called him Bill and Billie, but Constantini gave him his full and proper name, like a doting mother. "Something you ate. I've had bellyaches in my time." Constantini was seventeen years old. "I thought I was going to split down the middle and two hours later I'd be out eating two plates of spaghetti and a quart of dago red—" When he saw Lawrence come into the room, he stopped his whispering and stood up at attention, trying to make his face impassive and martial. But he had a child's face, with deep, soft, brown Italian eyes, heavy, curled black eyelashes, and a full, almost girlish mouth, and the martial mask at the moment was not deceptive. Crowley, too, had jumped to attention.

Lawrence looked down at the suffering boy. Doneger looked up at him wanly. "Sorry, sir," he whispered.

"Sh-h-h," Lawrence said.

"He's been puking, sir," Constantini said. "All day, sir."

Lawrence sighed and sat down on the edge of the berth next to Doneger. That's what it's going to turn out to be, he thought, as he put his hand on the boy's side. The worst possible thing.

The right side was swollen and tight, and Doneger jumped even at the slightest pressure.

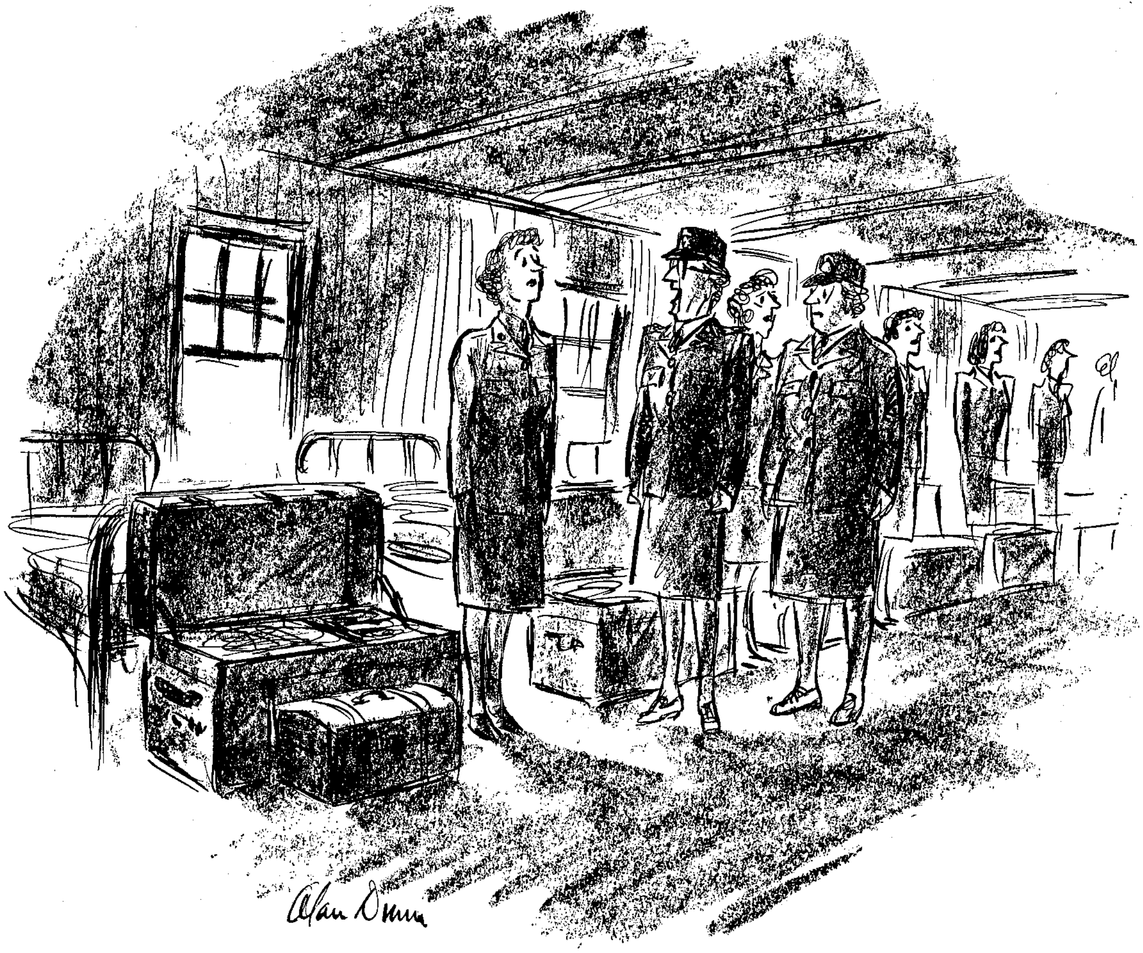
"He has a very sensitive belly, sir." Constantini was speaking quickly and anxiously, as though somehow his words and explanations could make Doneger's condition less dangerous. "I took him to my cousin's wedding and he got drunk faster than anyone else, even faster than the sixteen-year-old girls. We had a stew yesterday that was a little greasy and maybe—"

"He has appendicitis," Lawrence said slowly.

Constantini looked at his friend's face in silence. Doneger closed his eyes. Lying down here, in the warm stateroom, on a dry bed, he seemed more comfortable, better able to meet the pain.

"Everything will be all right, William," Constantini murmured to Doneger. "The Lieutenant's already diagnosed the disease."

THE door opened and Captain Linsey came in. He stood above Doneger, staring down at him, his mouth curled, as always when he had



*"Come, come, Smith. That hope chest must be opened too."*

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anything to do with the Navy men on board his ship, into a sour and ancient snarl.

"Sick," Linsey said. "This sonofabitch is very sick."

"Yes," Lawrence said. Captain Linsey would make amusing conversation after the war at dinner parties in Boston. Crusty old merchant sea dog. Ignored the Navy. Ignored the war, even in the middle of a pack of submarines.

"This sonofabitch'll die." Captain Linsey leaned over and peered harshly into the pale, suffering face.

Very amusing after the war at dinner parties, Lawrence thought. Right *now I'd like to kill him.*

"We'll take care of him," Lawrence said.

Suddenly Captain Linsey poked Doneger in the side with a huge, wrinkled finger. Doneger cried and jumped. "Sorry, sonny," Captain Linsey said. He turned to Lawrence. "Ready to bust. Boy out with me on the way to Wilhelmshaven in 1931 died in three days. Same thing."

Out of the corner of his eye Lawrence saw Constantini look quickly down at Doneger, then look up and take a long, deep breath.

"Please," Lawrence said. "I'll come up to the bridge later and you can tell me whatever you—"

"This sonofabitch needs an operation."

"There's no doctor on board."

Captain Linsey sucked at the wet ends of his mustache and looked with crazy slyness at Lawrence. "We won't make port for seven days. At least. He ain't going to last no week."

I'd like to kill him, Lawrence thought, looking up at Captain Linsey's old, harsh seaman's face. I'd like to kill *him, but he's right, he's right.*

"I thought we could freeze it," Lawrence said. "After all, we have ice. Maybe it'll subside."

"Too late." Captain Linsey wagged his head. "Surgery. Surgery or nothing."

"There're no surgeons here," Lawrence said loudly. "If you insist on arguing, let's get out of this room."

"You ever see an operation?" Captain Linsey asked.

"Yes." Lawrence's brother-in-law was a surgeon and over a period of ten years Lawrence had seen seven or eight operations. "That isn't the same thing."

"There was a Dutchman we took to Capetown in 1927," Captain Linsey said. "A doctor. Studied in America. He left a book on board. All kinds of operations. Every once in a while I read in it. Very interesting reading. I bet it's got appendicitis in it."

"That's ridiculous." Lawrence stood up and went over to the door. "Thank you for your interest, Captain."

Captain Linsey touched Doneger's head. "Fever. I bet it's over a hundred and four. An operation really isn't so much. A little common sense and a little nerve. What the hell, what has this boy got to lose?" He leaned close to Doneger and spoke with surprising softness. "Sonny, you got any objections to being operated on?"

Doneger stared at Constantini. Constantini turned away, giving no answer one way or another with his eyes.

"I have no objections," Doneger said faintly.

Captain Linsey strode briskly toward the door. "I'll send the book down," he said cheerfully. "We'll save the sonofabitch yet." He clapped Lawrence on the back. "I'd do it myself, only I'm old and jumpy and I've drunk too much whiskey in my day. I'll be on the bridge. I'll keep this tub as steady as possible." He went out quickly.

LAWRENCE closed his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at Doneger or Crowley or Constantini.

A moment later a seaman came in with a worn and broken-backed book. He put it on the table and went out. Crowley and Doneger and Constantini and Lawrence all looked at the book, lying alone on the table.

Lawrence stood up and went over and opened to the index. Under A, Appendectomy—pg. 941. The first time he read through it, the words were a weird and incomprehensible blur. He looked up once or twice, only to see the staring, serious eyes of the three other men scanning his face as though they somehow could tell from that distance whether or not the words he was reading were of any value to him.

Lawrence took off his coat and started slowly to read the passage from the beginning once more:

> Before operating try to locate the situation of the appendix. The incision should be over the seat of the disease. In the rare left-sided cases and in median cases the incision is median....

The words began to group themselves in his mind into coherent sentences capable of being understood by a man who could read and write.

> In an acute case in a man I separate the muscular fibres. Battle's incision at the outer edge of the rectus muscle is preferred by many surgeons....

In a biology course in college Lawrence had dissected the earthworm, the frog, the white rat, but all dead, beyond the reach of pain, unmoved by clumsiness or error.

> If there be infection, surround the region involved with packs of plain gauze, each strip being two and a half inches wide, fifteen inches long, and four layers in thickness. Pass a ligature through the meso appendix as shown in Fig. 691 A, tie the ligature, and...

Fig. 691 A was very simple, and if flesh and muscle and organ were anything like the diagram, it was conceivable that a deft though unpracticed man might be able to manage.

"William," Lawrence said. "Are you sure?"

Doneger sighed. "I'm sure."

"Crowley," Lawrence said, "go to the galley and get a pot of boiling water."

"Yes, sir," Crowley said, and went out softly, already making a hospital of the room.

Lawrence went back to the close print of the book. He read and reread, studied the diagrams until he felt that he could draw them with his eyes closed.

He stood up and unlocked the medical chest. He threw open the doors and stared at the rows of bottles, the serried bandages, the fateful, gleaming instruments. Behind him he heard the voice of Constantini, rough with the accent of the streets of New York, soft with compassion and fear.

"It ain't hardly nothing, William. A cousin of mine had this and he was operated on and three days later he slept with the nurse." Constantini had a cousin for all eventualities of discussion, naval and civilian. "Everybody ought to have his appendix out. They don't do you no good. None at all. If I had the time I'd have 'em out myself."

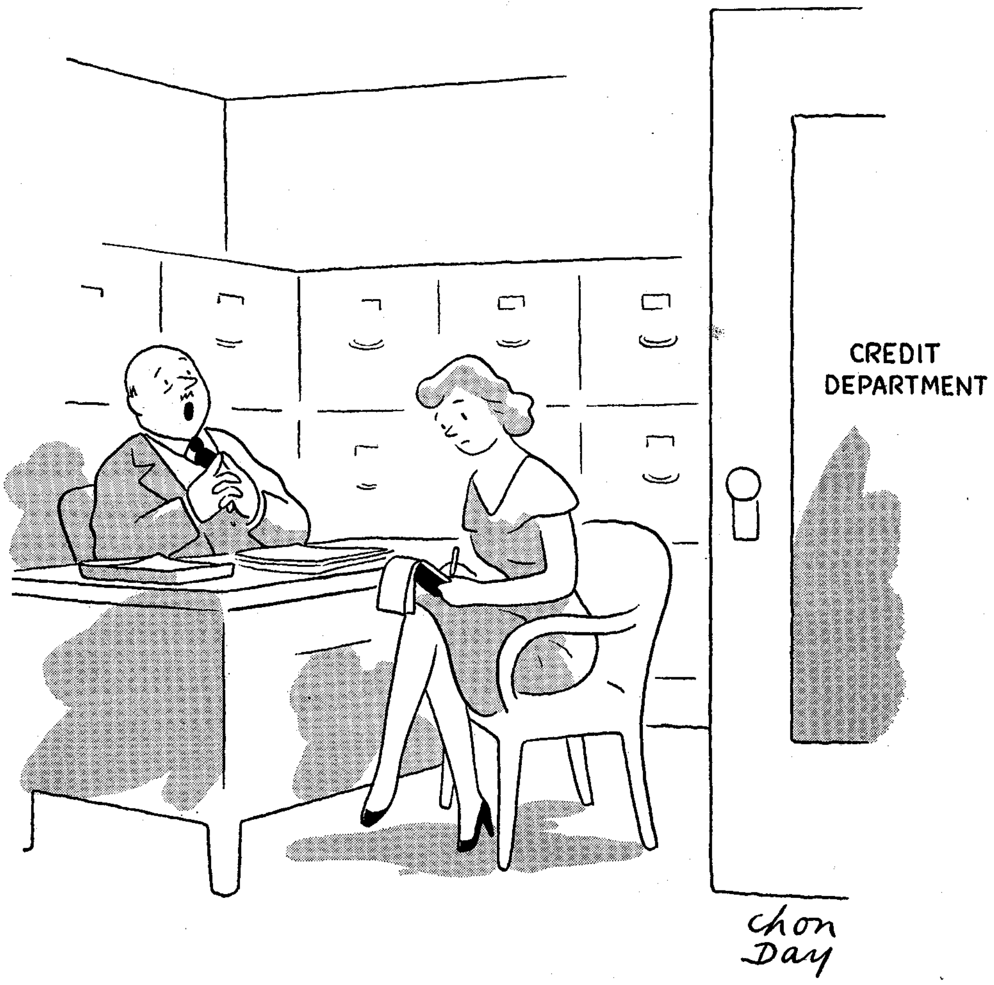
Lawrence stared at the bottles, the bandages, the steel instruments. He made his eyes go slowly and calmly from one thing to another in the chest, taking a deliberate inventory. The thing is, he thought, not to hurry. After all, men have done more difficult things than this. The instruments are there, the one can of ether, the bandage, the scalpel, the needles, the catgut, the clamps, the sponges, the alcohol, the sulfanilamide. And the Navy had given him a course in first aid. How to stop bleeding. How to avoid gangrene. How to set a broken leg.

"You hardly feel it," Constantini was saying in his deep, melodious boy's voice. "You take a little nap. You wake up. Appendix absent. You feel a little stiff for a day or two, you get a good rest, the other guys stand your watches, you read the magazines and drink hot soup. You get to England, you get three weeks' sick leave, you'll have the time of your life. The English girls're crazy about American sailors. I got a cousin in the merchant marine and he says that an American in London is like a king far as the girls're concerned. They can't do enough for them."

Why, Lawrence thought with a remote and bitter detachment, did this have to happen the first time we lost a convoy? In a convoy the boy could be transferred to one of the cruisers accompanying them and there a first-rate naval surgeon in a shining, brilliantly equipped operating room would do the job in ten minutes as a matter of simple routine.

CROWLEY came in with the pot of hot water and Lawrence put the scalpel, the needles, and the clamps into it.

"Anything I can do," Constantini said as Lawrence watched the steel gleaming dully as it sank among the



*"... a most cordial relationship, and we want to assure you again that we value your patronage highly and that we sincerely trust you are not going to welch on the $7,500 still outstanding."*

bubbles of the boiling water. "Anything at all."

Lawrence nodded. "There'll be plenty for you to do. Clear that table and get a sheet out of the locker and spread it over it." Constantini listened eagerly and nodded. "Wash your hands first."

While Crowley and Constantini scrubbed their hands and the strong smell of the soap pricked his nostrils, Lawrence reread, slowly, the entire description of the operation. Even after he had finished and after the gentle, watery sound of scrubbing behind him had long ceased, he sat with his head in his hands, staring at the page before him. At last he stood up. Well, that was that.

He turned briskly, and without words he and Constantini and Crowley lifted Doneger onto the white-covered table. He washed and scrubbed his hands with alcohol. Gently, he shaved the slight, downy fuzz from the boy's belly. Then he washed it with alcohol.

Crowley behaved wonderfully. He was a little, impassive Irishman to whom all things seemed to come as a matter of course—promotions, overwork, murders, drownings, wars. Lawrence was glad it was Crowley who had silently volunteered for this job.

Constantini, too, handled Doneger with soft hands, lifting him gently and securely, making no unnecessary move. Together they bound Doneger to the table with linen bandage, so that the roll of the ship would not throw him off the table.

Lawrence noticed that the ship had swung around and was heading directly into the wind and was much steadier now. He would remember to thank Captain Linsey later.

He took the ether cone and stood at Doneger's shoulder. Doneger and Constantini and five of the other boys had had their heads shaved when they were last in the States. They had done it as a joke after Lawrence had complained at inspection that they were letting their hair grow too long. All seven of them had marched solemnly back onto the Rascoe from their shore leaves and had with one gesture swept their hats off their heads as they reported in. Lawrence had stared at the seven shining pates, scarred with the incredibly numerous battles of childhood, and had lowered his eyes to keep from laughing, and had said, "Very good." They had saluted and swept out and he had heard them roaring with laughter on the deck.

Doneger's head, now with a slight baby fuzz standing up all over it, lay flatly in the shadows on the table in the small cabin as the old plates of the Rascoe creaked and wailed under the attack of the sea.

"All right, William," Lawrence said softly. "Are you ready now?"

"I'm ready, sir." Doneger spoke in a whisper and smiled up at him.

Lawrence put the cone gently over the boy's face and said, "Breathe deeply." He poured the ether in and the smell, sweet and morbid, leaked into the cabin, making it suddenly strange and deathly. "Count," Lawrence said. "Keep counting."

"One, two, three," Doneger said clearly, "four, five, six, seven, eight"—the young voice began to blur and thicken—"nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thir . . . thir . . ." The voice mumbled heavily and wearily through the cone. The long, chubby body on the table relaxed for the first time and Crowley gently straightened the legs out. The voice died away completely and the noise of the creaking plates of the old ship was the only sound to be heard.

Lawrence lifted the ether cone. Doneger's face was calm and showed no trace of pain. Lawrence gave the cone to Constantini. "If I tell you to," he said, "put this over his face. In case he moves."

"Yes, sir," Constantini said, and moved quickly to Doneger's head.

Lawrence went to the pot of boiling water and with a forceps took out the instruments he had put in there to sterilize. Crowley had arranged a clean towel on the bunk and Lawrence put the instruments there in a neat and shining row, remembering how dentists who had filled his teeth had done the same thing.

He picked up the scalpel and adjusted the lamp so that its full glare fell on the bare stomach of the sleeping boy.

The skin was very pink and there seemed to be a firm, small layer of fat under it. Doneger was very young and his belly still had a round little baby swell. He was breathing softly and the muscles trembled rhythmically and gently.

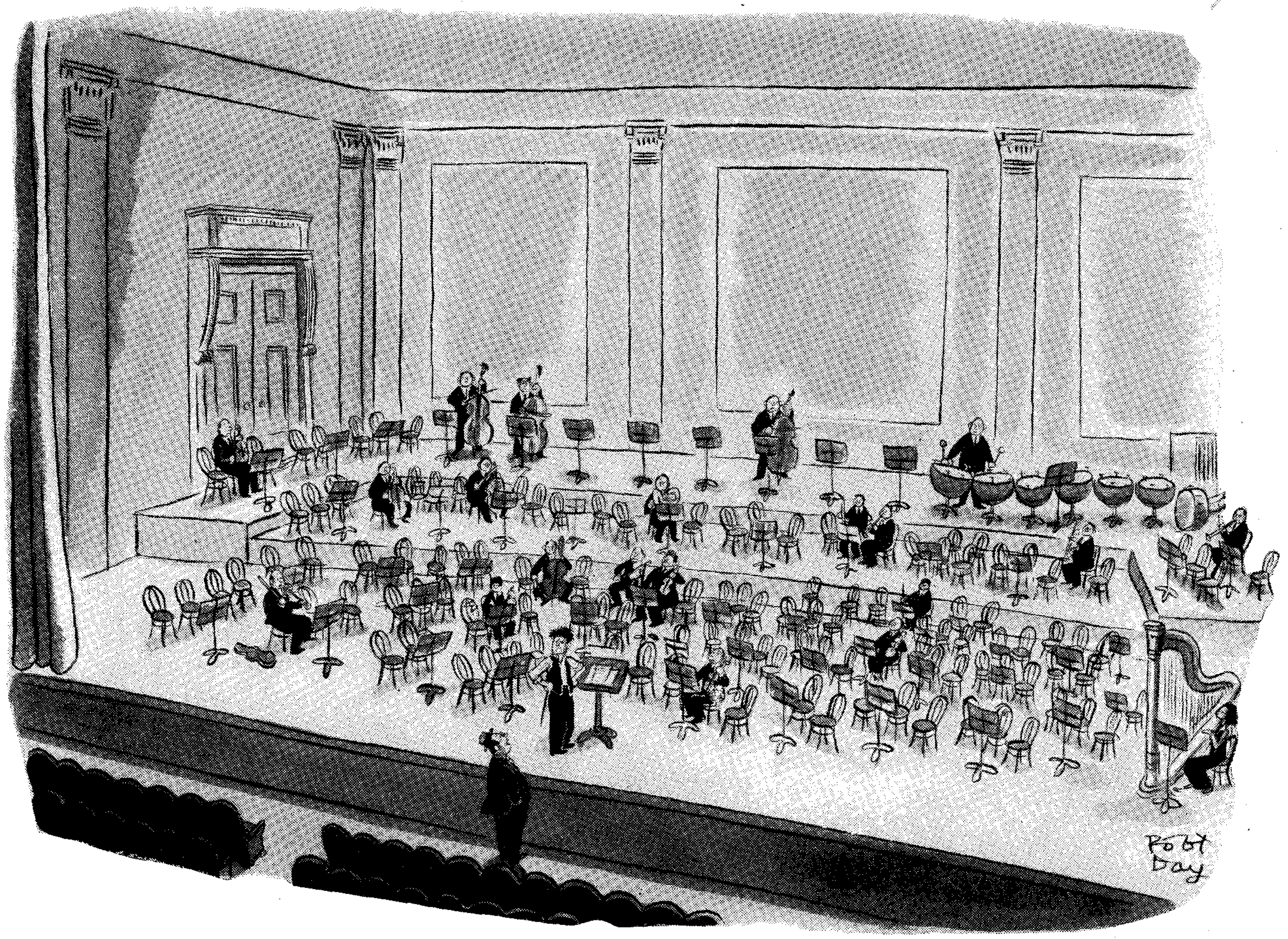
How smooth, how subtle, how complex, Lawrence thought. How close to death. How vulnerable to knife and powder. How irrevocably naked to damage. He closed his eyes for a moment, unable to look any more at the smooth, childish skin. With his eyes closed and the moaning and creaking of the tumbling ship in his ears, it all seemed dreamlike and impossible. He, Peter Gifford Lawrence, gently reared, nursed and fed and tended all his years by mother and aunt and teacher and doctor, every boyhood scratch mercurochromed and overbandaged; soft-blanketed sleeper in neat, well-ventilated rooms; student at Harvard, where he had taken notes on Plato and Geoffrey Chaucer, on the architecture of the Renaissance and the metrics of John Milton—Peter Gifford Lawrence, gentleman, formal guest at pleasant dinners, polite talker to old ladies at Lenox garden parties, dealer in books and fine prints, now standing, scalpel in hand, in the cramped, peeling stateroom of a wheezing freighter groaning and heaving in a middle Atlantic gale, with four miles of black sea water and countless drowned sailors under the keel, the prey of deadly vessels that struck unseen and mortal in the turn of a man's head . . .

> Battle's incision at the outer edge of the rectus muscle is preferred by many surgeons. . . . After opening the peritoneum, examine very gently to detect the situation of the . . . This divides the mucous membrane, submucous tissue, and muscular coat . . .

Lawrence opened his eyes and looked up. Constantini was staring at him. In the soft, girlish eyes, besides the worry for his friend's agony, there was deep trust, deep confidence, that this kindly, efficient, understanding, courageous man, this officer who had been designated by great authority to guide his wartime fate, would, this time and all times, do well what had to be done. There was no doubt in the soft, steady eyes of Salvatore Constantini.

Lawrence bent his head and firmly made the incision.

WHEN the operation was over and Doneger had been gently lifted into the extra bunk and Constantini had silently taken the watch at his side, Lawrence opened the door and stepped out onto the deck. The black wind flung bitter spray into his face and he had to half shut his eyes against it. But he stood there, holding onto the rail, peering sightlessly into the roaring darkness, hardly thinking, hardly feeling, rolling



*"I think we ought to make one more good strong appeal to Paul V. McNutt."*

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crazily and aimlessly with the roll of the ship.

He stood there drunkenly for a long time, then suddenly turned and went into his room. Doneger was lying there, motionless, the ether still in control. Constantini sat quietly at his side, never taking his eyes off the pale, exhausted face.

Lawrence lay down in his clothes and slept immediately.

WHEN Lawrence awoke, he opened his eyes slowly and came up from the deep well of sleep, as though he had slept for weeks on end. Slowly he became aware of Constantini sitting across the room from him, still looking steadfastly at Doneger, as though he hadn't moved all night.

Lawrence opened his eyes wide.

"Good morning, Lieutenant." Constantini smiled shyly at him. His eyes were sunken and he rubbed them like a sleepy infant.

"Morning, Constantini." Lawrence sat up suddenly, remembering in a rush that across from him lay a man whom he had operated upon a few hours before. Doneger was awake, and drowsily smiled, his face creased by a kind of remote pain.

"Hello, Lieutenant," Doneger whispered.

Lawrence jumped out of his bunk. "How are you?"

"Fine," Doneger whispered. "First class. Thanks."

Lawrence peered at him closely. There were wrinkles of pain in the boy's face, but there was a little color in the cheeks and something in the eyes that seemed to announce that death had once and for all passed by.

Lawrence looked at Constantini. "You get any sleep last night?"

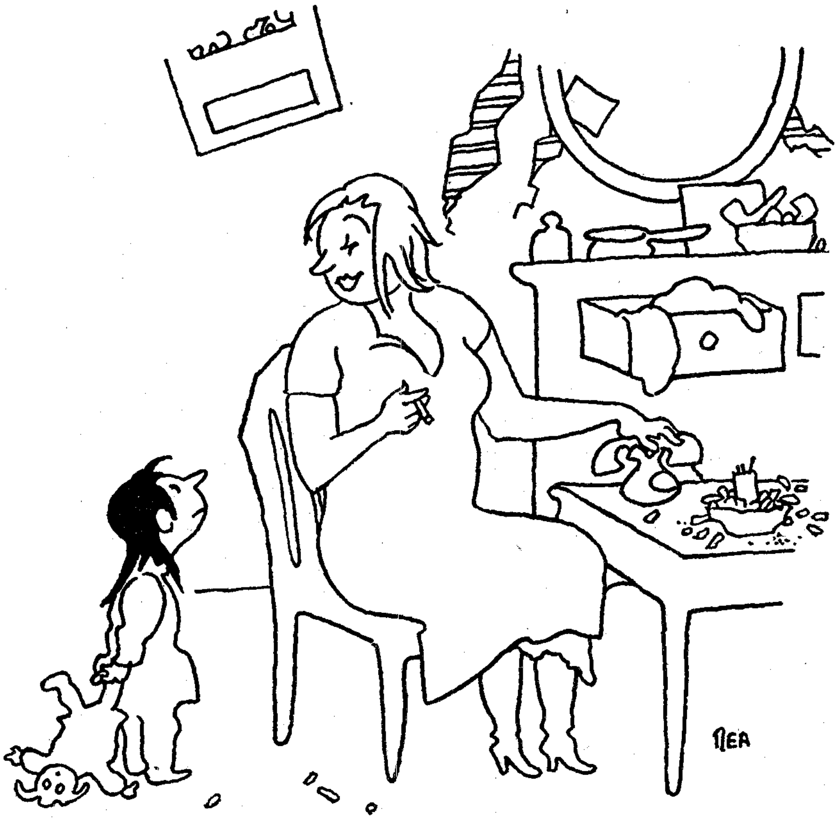
"Not much, sir. I'm pleased to watch William."

"Get below and get some sleep. Someone else'll watch William."

"Yes, sir." Constantini looked shyly at him and then turned to Doneger. "My God," he whispered, as Lawrence poured some water to wash, "will you have a picnic with those English girls!" He touched his friend's forehead lightly and chuckled as he went out. And deep, deep, from the depths of his eighteen years and recovery from death, Doneger chuckled softly in return.

LATER in the day Lawrence started forward toward the bow gun, where the men were assembled for the interrupted examination in gunnery. The sun was shining and the ocean was a sharp blue, the whitecaps in the distance looking like the bobbing sails of a regatta with a million entries. He had left Doneger smiling and sipping tea, and the bright wind felt festive and alive against his freshly shaven face. He saw the cluster of blue uniforms and the ruddy faces of the gun crew around the gun and heard Constantini's voice, melodious and terribly earnest, chanting in final review before his arrival. Lawrence smiled to himself and was proud of the Navy and the red-faced, earnest boys and the gun and the Rascoe and himself, abroad, dependable and unafraid, on the wide ocean.

"'Tention!" Benson called as the Lieutenant approached, and the boys



*"Don't worry, darling, we'll find Daddy. Mummy has just put the dicks on his tail."*

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stiffened rigidly, their faces stern and set, their hands tight at their sides. Lawrence looked sternly at them, carrying out his share of the martial drama. He looked at them and felt once more, with the old amusement and pity, how old he was at the age of thirty-five, confronted by and responsible for these large, determined, valuable, fearless children. "At ease," he said. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Captain Linsey, his face as sour and scornful as ever.

The tight little knot relaxed and the men shuffled about, making themselves comfortable. They kept their eyes on Lawrence, seriously. Constantini's lips mumbled inaudibly as he ran over the list of questions he might be asked to answer.

"We'll go right into it," Lawrence said. "Harris"—he started with the boy nearest him—"what're the duties of the first loader?"

"To receive the shell from the second loader," Harris said, "and to load the gun."

"Levine." Lawrence spoke to the next man. "Duties of the second loader?"

"To pass shells to the first loader." Levine said carefully. "To arrange shells on deck in rear of gun in probable arc of train."

Lawrence went down the line. "Constantini." He saw Constantini's face tense almost painfully with anticipation. "What are the duties of the third loader?"

Constantini's lips started to move. Then he licked them uneasily. He took in a deep breath, looked suddenly blankly and despairingly at Lawrence. Lawrence glanced at him and saw that all knowledge had fled from his head.

A deep red flush surged up over Constantini's collar and stained his cheeks, his ears. He licked his lips in misery, looked straight ahead, hopelessly.

Lawrence looked away for a moment, then called the next man, Moran.

Moran answered briskly.

One by one, Lawrence went down the line of men. Each man snapped out his answer, their voices ringing clear and triumphant in the bright wind. Once more it was Constantini's turn.

Lawrence looked surreptitiously at him. He was standing as stiff as though all the admirals of all the fleets of the world were passing him in review. His jaws were clenched and the muscles stood out like rope. His eyes stared ahead of him like a man watching the execution of his father—wild, hopeless, full of guilt.

Lawrence knew in his heart that no matter what question he put to Constantini, no answer would come from that mourning brain, no word pass those locked, despairing lips. For a moment Lawrence thought of passing him up and going on to the next man. But then to the shame of Constantini's ignorance and defection would be added the ignominy of official pity.

"Constantini," Lawrence said as crisply as he could, hoping to shock him out of his trancelike trauma. He carefully sought out the simplest, most transparent, most easily answered question in the whole book. "Constantini," he said, slowly and clearly and loudly, "what is the purpose of shrapnel?"

Constantini did not move. The tongue froze between the lips, the eyes stared without hope across the Atlantic Ocean, while no answer came to show this good man, this Boston lieutenant who had done a brave and noble thing to save his friend's life, that he, Salvatore Constantini, loved and admired him and would be grateful to him for the rest of his life. The blush settled like a permanent blight on his cheeks, but no answer came from the rock-bound brain. The deep, ordinary thanks that a man could give by the crisp performance of his duty could not be given. William lived and Salvatore had failed the man who had saved him.

Suddenly the tears started from his eyes and rolled down his rigid cheeks.

Lawrence looked at the weeping boy, staring blindly out to sea, among the men who kindly stared out to sea with him. Lawrence saw the bitter tears and almost put out his hand to comfort the boy, but held back just in time, since comfort now, before his ten friends, would be agony later.

Lawrence glanced once more at him and tried to call the next man's name and ask him the purpose of shrapnel, but the name stuck in his throat and he turned his back on the men to keep them from seeing what was plain in their lieutenant's face. —IRWIN SHAW

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### UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From This Week*]

The dressy dresses Sophie designs have very short sleeves. The reason: to save thousands of yards of materials. The problem is to keep the costume also looking chic. The solution? Twenty-button rayon jersey gloves matching dress details in color.

# MISS STICKNEY'S NEW HAT

OH, for the pen of a John Kieran properly to celebrate Miss Dorothy Stickney's new spring bonnet! It was designed for her by Mme. Lilly Daché with the advice and consent of the Garden Club of America and it contains forty-three kinds of flowers and enough lover's-knots to baste up several brace of good husky lovers. It consumes a gill of dew each morning.

It is the only hat Mme. Daché has ever fashioned which has its private clump of salpiglossis and its own retinue of live hummingbirds. Later in the summer, when the weather warms up, Miss Stickney plans to install some bumblebees in the hat and give a nuptial flight one afternoon for a few friends. She is undecided whether to settle the bees in the northeast corner of the hat, near the bluebells and the mesembryanthemum criniflorum, or down in the lovely, woodsy glen just above her left ear, where the candytuft and daisies run riot.

"Although it won't make any difference where I put them," laughs Miss Stickney. "They'll roam all over the hat anyhow. You know bees."

Miss Stickney wanted a hat with flowers on it and, by gum, she got a hat with flowers on it. She was sick of winter and who can blame her? An unselfish and civic-minded lady, she stipulated a hat that would not only bolster her own morale but would do its bit to cheer up her fellow New Yorkers. Mme. Daché applauded her worthy resolve and set to work. The result is the most striking hat that New York has seen since Gloria Swanson astounded the Colony some years ago by showing up for luncheon in a creation that gave out puffs of smoke every ninety-one seconds. Miss Stickney's new hat does not give out puffs of smoke, it is true, but it can twitter, and at the proper season it will exude pollen, which is a much more constructive kind of dust than smoke.

Up in the front centre of the hat there is a little alcove, or shrine, a bosky dell in which the loveliest and most fragrant blooms tumble over one another in pretty profusion—sweet alyssum, honeysuckle, brachycome iberidifolia, verbena, poppy, heliotrope, baby's breath, and Schling's new dwarf rust-resistant antirrhinum, to name but a few.

It would do your heart good to see how the town's morale zooms when little Miss Stickney walks abroad inside her new hat. War-torn faces light up with gladsome expressions as passers-by catch sight of the bluebells bobbing gaily in the hat alongside the eschscholtzia, jack-in-the-pulpits, buttercups, and daisies. Horticulturists sight the hat and rush up to her with a dollar for a ticket, thinking the Flower Show has opened after all. Lovers gaze upon it and fall into each other's arms right on Fifth Avenue.

IN the course of my duties as chairman of the municipal committee to investigate the current spring and what kept it so long, I had occasion recently to visit Miss Stickney at her home and cross-examine her about the hat. She proved a willing witness. In the jargon we investigators use, she "sang."

"Miss Stickney," I said, "how long did it take Mme. Daché to finish the hat?"

"Finish!" she exclaimed. "It's *not* finished."

"Not finished?" I echoed.

"Certainly not. It will never be finished. That's why I like it. That's been the trouble with women's hats all along. They've been *finished.* I wanted a hat that would surprise me anew each day, a hat that would be in a constant state of commotion, a non-static hat."

Scarsdale, the butler, entered then, just as though he had been written in by Frederick Lonsdale or some equally stylish playwright, and announced Mme. Lilly Daché.

"Lilly comes over every few days to service the hat," Miss Stickney explained.

After a proper exchange of amenities, Mme. Daché gave the hat a swift inspection.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "How that xanthisma has come up, almost overnight! Upon my word, *ma chérie,* it is going to take a bit of doing to keep this hat in fighting trim this summer. I do hope we won't have too much rain or it will get completely out of hand." She turned to me. "You, M. Sullivan, have you any suggestions about the hat? Miss Stickney and I are always open to suggestions provided they are constructive."

"Why don't you string some Japanese lanterns through it and give a garden party the first warmish night?" I offered.

"Japanese lanterns?" Mme. Daché shook her head. "Unpatriotic."

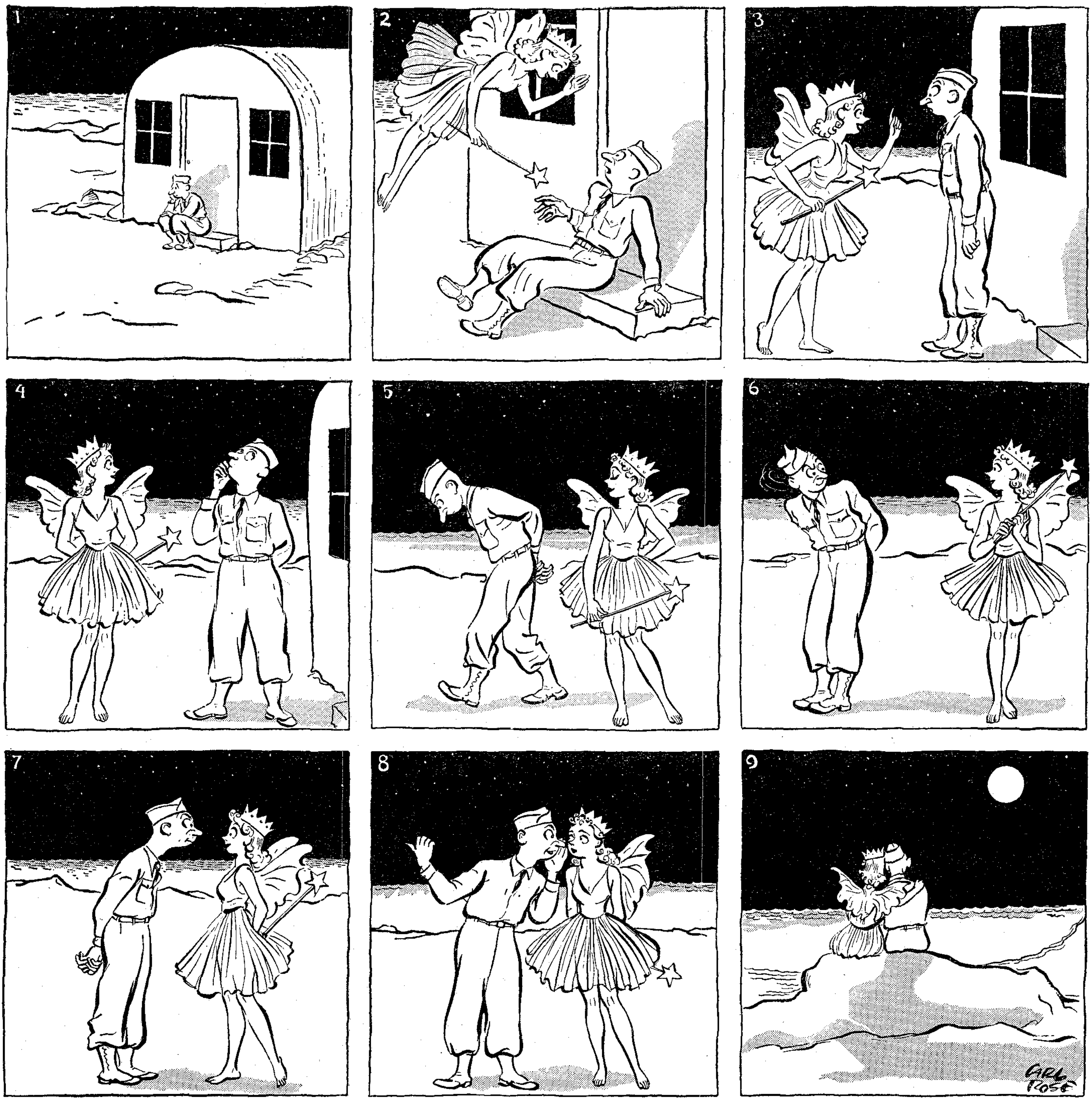
"Then why don't you install a little waterfall?" I went on. "A tiny cascade tinkling through the hat would enhance its charm greatly."

"No time to be wasting water power," said Mme. Daché crisply.

"How about a carillon, like the one at the Bok bird sanctuary in Florida?"

She gave a light laugh of scorn.

"How about putting a small statue of Buddha in that bosky dell just above Miss Stickney's forehead?" I



THE GOOD FAIRY AND THE ONE WISH

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continued, feeling in a creative mood.

"Bah!" mocked Mme. Daché.

"O.K., then how about a Cupid-and-Psyche group?"

Mme. Daché's lip curled in a sneer.

"Or a Venus and Adonis?" I was determined she wasn't going to go out and say I hadn't tried.

"*Non!*" cried Mme. Daché.

"Abercrombie and Fitch?"

"*Zut!*" zutted Mme. Daché.

"How about Abercrombie and Venus?" I said.

"Bah! Men know nothing of women's hats," jeered Mme. Daché. "But stay! I almost forgot, I have them! Here they are, just off the press!"

She produced a package of elegantly bound volumes and handed one to me.

"*Alors,*" she said. "Read this and learn something."

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" I asked.

"It's a guide to Miss Stickney's new hat, written especially for it by Donald Culross Peattie."

"How about a statue of Donald Culross Peattie in that bosky dell?"

"Bah!" (Again Mme. Daché.)

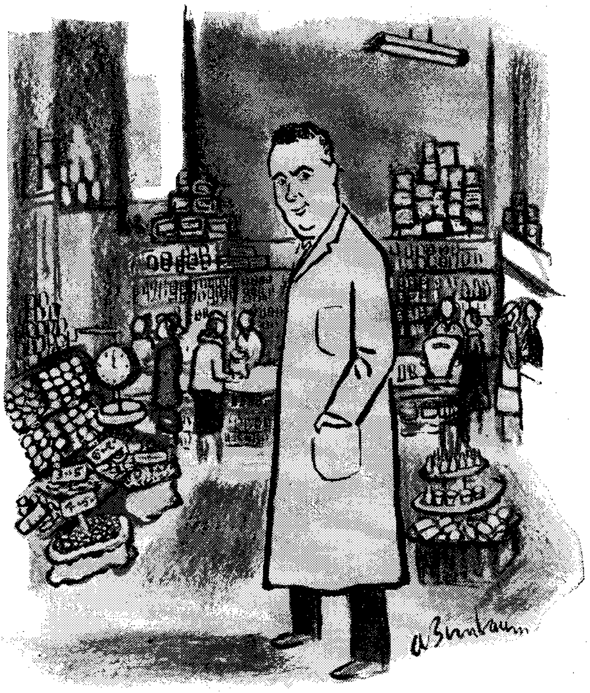
"Peattie and Venus?"

"You are putting wicked notions into my client's head!" cried the now thoroughly aroused Mme. Daché, and for a second it looked as though she and I might mix it.

The situation was saved by Scarsdale, who entered and announced, "Mr. J. Otis Swift and Yosians, to inspect Miss Stickney's hat." —FRANK SULLIVAN

# PROFILES

## IF TROUBLE CAN BE AVOID



EVEN in normal times the grocery business is a noisy business, and lately, because of food shortages and price ceilings and point rationing, the din has been something terrible. Patsy D'Agostino, a New York grocer, has a voice that is admirably suited to his work. It is deep, penetrating, rasping, and tireless. Patsy's day starts around 6 A.M., when he turns up at the Bronx Terminal Market and launches into a session of loud bargaining with the vegetable and fruit jobbers there. Then, at seven-thirty, he opens the store he owns on Third Avenue, between Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Streets, and hollers out instructions for the day to his employees. As customers and food salesmen begin to come in, the racket in the store increases, and Patsy, with little or no effort, pitches his voice higher, so that it will carry. In the afternoon he generally visits one of the two other stores he owns and yells complaints about what he considers his clerks' maltreatment of vegetables. Right now many of his nights are spent at clamorous meetings of grocers and butchers at which the Office of Price Administration is under discussion. At these gatherings Patsy speaks not only loudly but well. His language is vivid, often grammatical, and generally interrogative.

Patsy is a vigorous fellow of thirty-eight, with big shoulders, crisp black hair, glittering dark eyes, and an energetic and confident manner. He has a smile which more than one of his customers has described as charming. Recently he has been feeling rather tired, but he doesn't blame the war; he thinks that possibly he needs more sleep than the five or six hours he is in the habit of getting. He is disturbed about not being able to jump out of bed as quickly as he used to. Nowadays he wakes up around five, lights a cigarette, and lies in bed smoking and anticipating the day ahead with foreboding. At about five-twenty, he gets up, puts a pot of coffee on the stove, shaves, dresses painstakingly, and drinks a cup of black coffee laced with a jigger of whiskey. He then sets out for the market in a maroon Pontiac sedan; being a food distributor, he has a B card. He arrives at the market in full voice.

A few mornings ago, by arrangement, I met Patsy at the Bronx Terminal Market and made the rounds with him. The market consists of a row of a hundred or so wholesalers' and jobbers' stores, which run along Exterior Avenue for several blocks and open onto a truck-loading platform which parallels the street. The clerks and other employees of the stores call him "Boss," an honorable title in the grocery-and-meat business. The only man Patsy calls "Boss" is Gennaro Gentile, an elderly Lexington Avenue grocer, who gave Patsy his first store job at a time, years ago, when Patsy wanted to abandon pushcart peddling. Patsy is something of a figure in the trade, being president of the New York State Food Merchants Association, which is one of a number of retail grocers' associations around the country, chairman of the Greater New York Retail Grocers' Conference, and a director of the National Association of Retail Grocers, so his pronouncements carry weight with his friends in the trade, many of whom go to him for advice or encouragement. The morning I met him at the market, he arrived about six-thirty, parked his car alongside the loading platform, took a big step onto it, and shouted at Tony Cappiello, manager of the first store he headed for, "What about Lima beans? You got to have a prescription to get Lima beans today? You got to take off your hat to get Lima beans?" Tony had just assured him that beans were available when Patsy was set upon by a tall, gloomy-looking man.

"Patsy," the man said, "you should see *it* downtown. They are selling points, a cent a point for you to get meat. There are no turkeys, Patsy, but *I* can get turkeys because I am knowing the right fellows downtown, Patsy. You want some turkeys, Patsy? There are no turkeys, you know, Patsy." The man placed his right forefinger on Patsy's chest. Patsy backed up, but the man followed him, tapping him gently with the finger. "Don't be foolish, will you?" Patsy said finally, and got away.

Patsy took from his pocket a long, narrow strip of paper on which he had written the items he had planned to buy that morning. I'm not sure I know why, but I found the list fascinating. Patsy offered to read it to me and I took it down: "Two boxes artichokes, half bushel Jerusalem artichokes, two boxes extra-select asparagus, two boxes jumbo asparagus, a bushel Lima beans, three bushels string beans, a bushel wax beans, a box celery (Chinese) cabbage, a basket red cabbage, a bushel green cabbage, a crate California carrots, four dozen hearts celery, a bushel knob celery, a basket hothouse cucumbers, two boxes Boston lettuce, a basket hothouse Boston lettuce, two crates Simpson lettuce, a bag Spanish onions, two bags white onions, two bags yellow onions, a basket new potatoes (from Texas), two bushels sweet potatoes, five bags Maine potatoes, a basket yellow squash, a basket zucchini squash, five boxes repacked tomatoes, a basket white turnips, two bags yellow turnips, a bushel beet tops, a crate beets, two crates broccoli, a crate cauliflower, a basket chicory, a dozen eggplants, a box endive, a basket escarole, five pounds garlic, five pounds root horseradish, three bunches leeks, a bundle mushrooms (six baskets), a box parsley, a bushel parsnips, six bunches oyster plants, three bushels California peas, a quarter box green peppers (expensive), dozen bunches hothouse radishes, a box rhubarb, four bushels spinach, six bunches scallions, a bunch dill, a crate strawberries, a box red grapes, two bunches bananas, a box Winter Nelis pears, two boxes New York State Delicious apples, a box undersized Delicious apples, two boxes New York State Rome Beauty apples, five boxes avocados; grapefruit—two crates eighties, a crate 70 seedless, two crates 54 seedless, a crate 46 seedless; oranges—a crate 126 navel, a crate 176 navel, two crates 126 Florida, two crates 176 Florida, four crates 216 Florida, two crates 252 Florida." As Patsy bought each item, he crossed it off on his list with a pencil, exactly like a housewife shopping. Most of the produce he bought quickly, but over several things obviously close to his heart he lingered and haggled about price and quality. After years of practice, he figures quickly in his head. When he is quoted a wholesale price on asparagus, he immediately translates the cost into what he would have to charge his customers. When Tony says extra-fancy asparagus is selling for seven ninety-five, Patsy replies, "Who's going to pay eighty-nine cents for asparagus?" This gives a cryptic aspect to their talk.

THE market is a pleasant place. On cool mornings, the store clerks build fires in large cans on the platform and toss spoiled apples into the flames. They give off a sweet, woodsy smell. On almost any morning there is likely to be considerable shouting and a lot of kidding among the jobbers and clerks and customers. In the stores there are great piles of fruit in a variety of colors and vegetables in many shades of green and yellow. The intimacy the men have with vegetables and fruit gives them a profound respect for things that grow in the earth. Patsy is much more finicky and querulous when he is buying vegetables than the average housewife is.

"How about broccoli?" Patsy asked Tony the morning I met him. "Is it like that broccoli yesterday? It stunk." Tony said the broccoli was pretty good, and Patsy, who wanted two boxes, made him open a box so he could look at it. Tony pried the lid off a box with a hatchet and Patsy looked at the vegetables. "Is broccoli," he said. "Let's see the other box." Tony said the second box was the same as the first.

"How many children you got, Tony?" asked Patsy.

"And *are they all exactly alike?*" replied Tony, who had evidently encountered that gambit before. He opened the second box, and Patsy bought the broccoli.

## ON DISCOVERING A BUTTERFLY

I found it in a legendary land
all rocks and lavender and tufted grass,
where it was settled on some sodden sand
hard by the torrent of a mountain pass.

The features it combines mark it as new
to science: shape and shade—the special tinge,
akin to moonlight, tempering its blue,
the dingy underside, the checkered fringe.

My needles have teased out its sculptured sex;
corroded tissues could no longer hide
that priceless mote now dimpling the convex
and limpid teardrop on a lighted slide.

Smoothly a screw is turned; out of the mist
two ambered hooks symmetrically slope,
or scales like battledores of amethyst
cross the charmed circle of the microscope.

I found it and I named it, being versed
in taxonomic Latin; thus became
godfather to an insect and its first
describer—and I want no other fame.

Wide open on its pin (though fast asleep)
and safe from creeping relatives and rust,
in the secluded stronghold where we keep
type specimens it will transcend its dust.

Dark pictures, thrones, the stones that pilgrims kiss,
poems that take a thousand years to die
but ape the immortality of this
red label on a little butterfly.

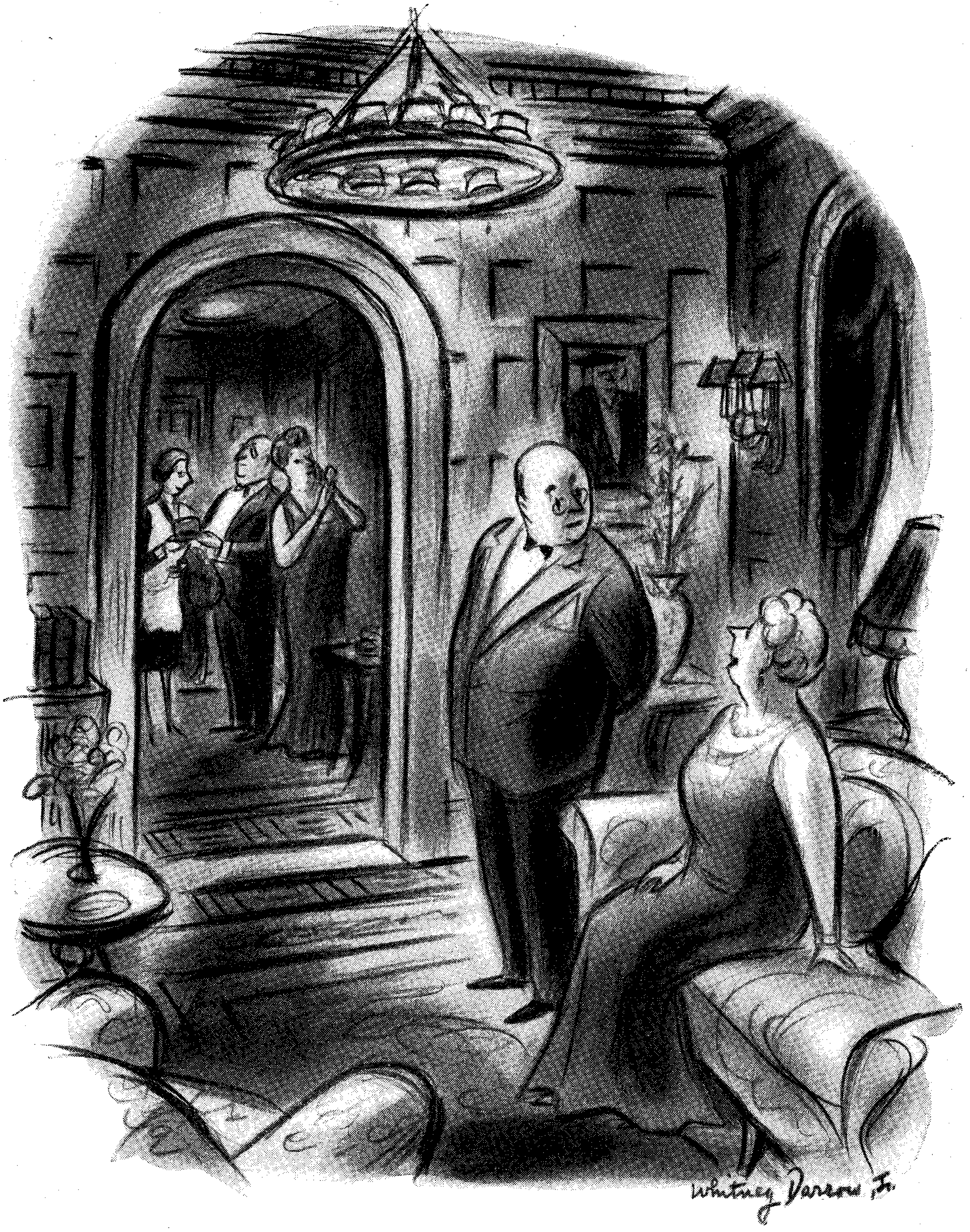
—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

• •

Patsy consulted his list and walked over to where some baskets of string beans were stacked. On his way he passed a sack of potatoes and shouted, his harsh voice resounding through the store, "My God, potatoes! No Idaho potatoes and they come in my store and say, 'No Idaho potatoes? Why, the A.P. over on Lexington has Idaho potatoes.' My God, Tony, what's the matter you guys you don't have any damn Idaho potatoes? What happens all those potatoes the Army bought and then released? How come we get no Idaho potatoes? And the OPA—what's the matter them guys? For fifty years in the New York market, Maine potatoes sell maybe three-fifty, three seventy-five, along about this time of year, and Long Island potatoes bring four-fifty. So what does the damn OPA do? It sets Maine potatoes four-twenty, Long Island potatoes three-thirty-five. Farmers out on the Island won't bring their potatoes to town. They say, 'You come out here where there aren't all those OPA guys around, and you pay cash.' "

Patsy bought some beans and then went into another part of the store, where he bought oranges and grapefruit from one of the fruit clerks. After he had finished placing his order, Patsy returned to the vegetables and asked Tony if he had any peas. Tony showed him an open bushel, and Patsy took a pod, broke it, and flipped a piece of it into his mouth. He spat, and several peas rolled across the floor. "My God, Tony," he said, "is them things bullets? They should use them in North Africa, boom, boom, in the foxholes. To hell with your goddam peas. You could kill a man throwing those peas at him. My customers come in and I sell them those peas, Tony, what would they think? Such merchandise!”

Tony takes Patsy’s tirades as a matter of form, which they are. Tony usually waits on Patsy. Sometimes the other clerks stop what they’re doing to listen to Patsy as he selects his vegetables. They consider it educational. After sampling the peas, Patsy asked to see asparagus. What he wanted was the extra-select, but he thought the price he would have to charge would frighten his patrons. Tony showed him some extra-fancy, at a lower price, and Patsy inspected it closely. “Tony, the tips is lousy,” he said. “You don’t have to argue with me, Tony, about the tips. They are lousy, and deep down in your heart you know what people like is the tips. Is it yes? Is it no?” Tony said it was yes. “All right,” said Patsy, pointing to the extra-select, “for the fifty cents’ difference I’ll take these here.”

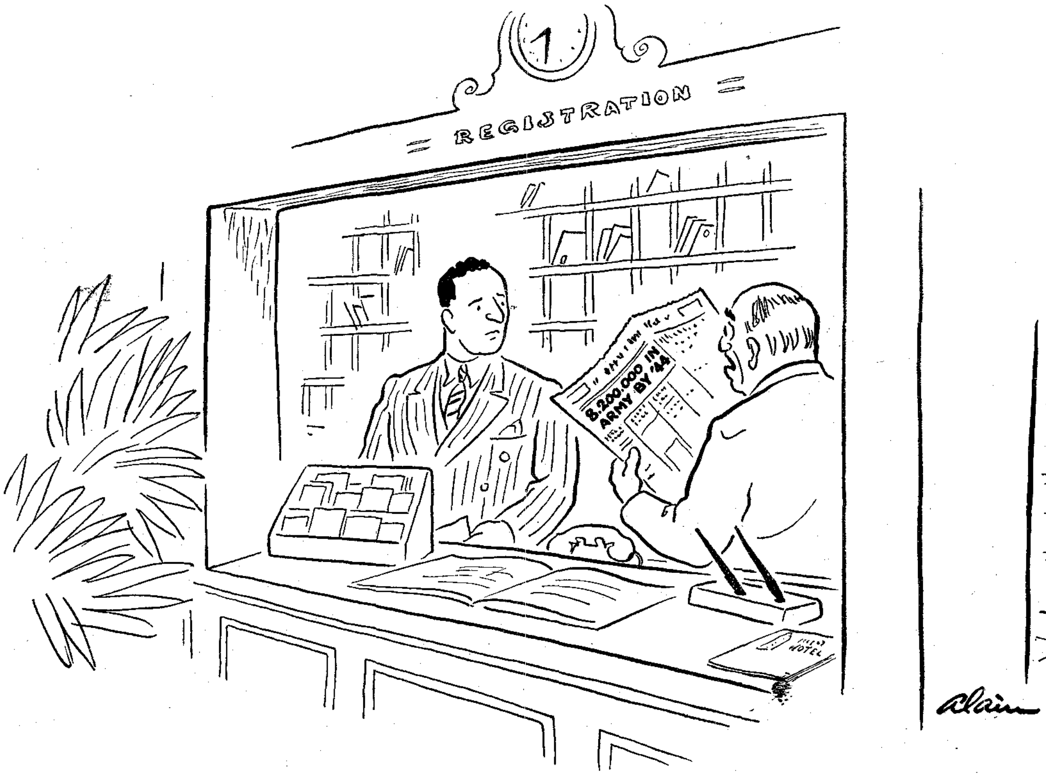


*“Now please, dear, don’t say anything about the fourth term. They’re just getting over the third.”*

• •

Just then one of Patsy’s employees, a thin, worried-looking young man named Johnny, drove up to the platform outside the store in Patsy’s truck and some clerks began to load it with the fruits and vegetables Patsy had just ordered. Patsy talked about the OPA for a while with a short, stocky, unhappy fellow-grocer who came into the store. “I’m going to sell my business, if anybody’s fool enough to buy it, and get me a house,” the man said, “and a *little* ground, and go there.” He pointed his finger toward a part of the floor a few feet away and described a circle that was supposed to give a picture of the little ground. “Don’t be foolish, will you?” said Patsy. “Things will work out all right.”

PATSY and I got in his car and he drove to his Third Avenue store, which is called the Yorkville Food Shop. It is owned by the Yorkville Food Shop Corporation, which belongs to Patsy and his brother Nick, who is four years younger and is a butcher. A second store, on Lexington Avenue, the Yorkville Food Store, is owned in partnership by Patsy and Nick, and a third one, in Mount Vernon, is owned by D’Agostino Brothers, Inc. (Patsy and Nick). Patsy takes pride in the intricate setup. An earnest, dark-haired young woman named Jean keeps books for the three stores and also oversees the complex financial relations between them, sometimes tracing on her books the progress of a case of canned tomato



*"I hate to think what an American Legion convention will be like after this war."*

soup from Third Avenue to Lexington Avenue to Mount Vernon and back to Third Avenue. Occasionally the complications become too much for her and she bursts into tears.

When Patsy is driving his car, he likes to talk, for a change, in a low, conversational tone. As we headed for the Third Avenue store, he told me that grocers for the most part welcomed sugar and coffee rationing. "It was simple and sensible," he said. "It helped us, and we didn't have to offend old customers when they came in and wanted to buy too damn much coffee. It was when they gave us point rationing that we had the headaches. From the standpoint of the people, they didn't know what it was all about. The people was not educated to point rationing. Also a headache was those price ceilings they set last June. I ran all over the state making speeches at meetings all about how the government was going to protect the little man in the grocery business. 'Don't pile up inventories,' I told them. 'The government will see we get all we want.' Then, when time comes to replace stock, what did the little fellow find? He found that while he wasn't replenishing his stock the wholesale prices had jumped up past his retail price ceiling. It was a joke. It was humanly impossible to keep the ceilings. I mean you could not do it—and live."

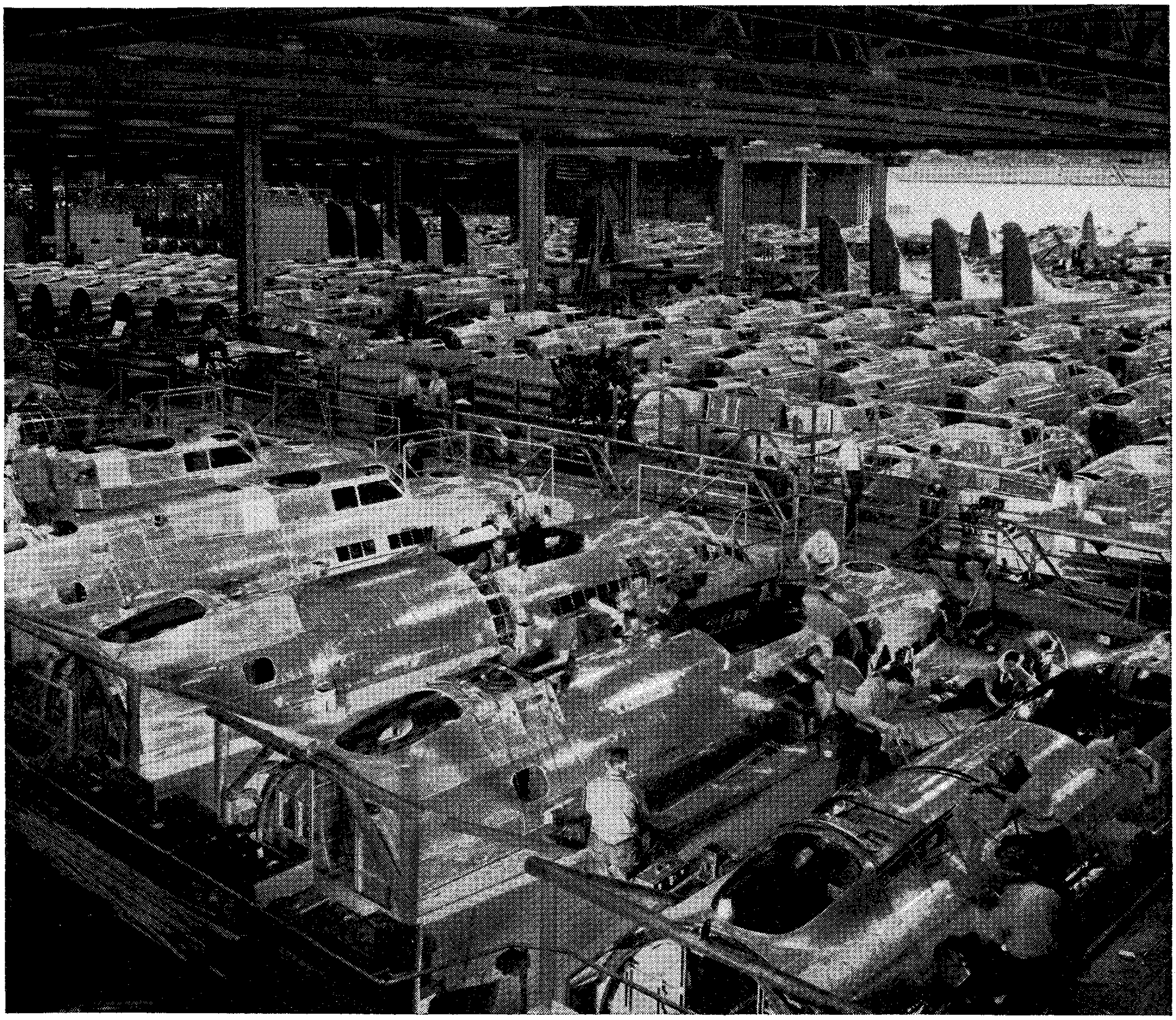
Patsy talks about "little business" with emotion. He considers himself a little business man, and he thinks that he and men like him are pillars of American civilization, which they probably are. He sometimes feels that he is being conspired against, a matter naturally open to question. The confusion that has come into his life because of the war affects him deeply, and once, when he was exceptionally depressed at finding that the wholesale price of chickens was seventeen cents above his own retail ceiling price, he said, "Put me to jail. Take away my business. This is the end of free enterprise. Make the end of free enterprise and you got the end of democracy. I like it here in America. I've done better here than a man could anywhere else in the world. I know what it is to slave for a dollar. I own my own home. I have my business, and I got a wife and three children. Now what the hell kind of a future are they going to have?"

Patsy, whose given name is Pasquale, was born in the Abruzzi, in Italy. He came here with his father in 1921, when he was fifteen. His father had been over here once before, in the nineties, and had worked on railroad construction gangs. "When he used to tell of sleeping in them boxcars, and the work they used to do, your hair would stand on end," Patsy says. The elder D'Agostino had returned to Italy after his first visit, married, and had two children. After the last war he decided to try his luck in America again. Patsy's mother and Nick stayed behind in Italy.

"My father brought me first to Norwood, Massachusetts," Patsy says. "There was a depression after Harding was elected, and my father goes to Ambridge, Pennsylvania, to find employment. He got work and sent for me. I was staying with cousins in Norwood. I knew two words—'timetable' and the name of the town where I was going. He got work for me with the American Bridge Company, and when I show up for work I am two days short of sixteen and they won't let me work. By the time I am sixteen there is no job."

Patsy lived with an aunt in Ambridge, which is near Pittsburgh. He looked after her children, took care of the furnace, and did other housework. Then he worked for a while in Pittsburgh for a glass-manufacturing company which had a habit of calling its workers in, putting them to work for two or three hours, and then sending them home. In June of 1921, Patsy's father, feeling that he wasn't doing all for his son he had hoped to do, took him to New York and bought some pushcarts and pushcart space in a street market at 141st Street and Eighth Avenue. In New York Patsy met a fellow named Patsy Tucciarone, and it was around this time that he adopted the customary Italian-American equivalent of his given name. "He told me how to say tomato, potato, string beans, celery, and things like that," Patsy says. Tucciarone now works for Patsy as a sort of assistant manager in the Third Avenue store.

For two years Patsy worked beside his father through rain, cold, heat, and snow, peddling vegetables and fruit to haggling housewives. Some weeks they made as much as a hundred and twenty-five dollars and others hardly anything; they averaged around thirty. "In the pushcart business," he says, "you got to sell all you got in one day. Some days it was ridiculous how much we don't sell." Patsy and his father lived a work-



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ridden existence, sleeping in an unheated room, in back of a store, for which they paid eight dollars a month, and spending most of their waking hours handling fruit and vegetables. By the time Patsy was eighteen he had saved nine hundred dollars, and he went into business for himself with two pushcarts at 106th Street and Broadway. He soon lost his nine hundred dollars and gave up the business of peddling food. He found himself a job as a pipefitter's helper in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad shop in the Bronx. He worked there five months, growing more lonely all the time. He didn't want to face his father, who was disappointed at his son's giving up the independent existence of pushcart peddling, so he got a transfer to the railroad's shop near Norwood, intending to live with his cousins there. When he arrived, there was a strike at the shop. One cousin was among the strikers, and his relatives pointed out to Patsy that it would not look well for him to take a job under the circumstances. Patsy got a job in a composition-shingle factory.

In the months away from green vegetables and fresh fruit, Patsy was miserable. "The day before Christmas, 1924, was the darkest day of my life," he says. "I was painting shingles and crying to myself as I worked. I was lonely. I was away from my father. My mother and brother were in Italy. And it was cold in Massachusetts." Christmas Day, a relative came from New York and told Patsy that his father was also pining for him and would welcome home his errant, shingle-painting son. Patsy went back to the pushcarts and again worked in the rain and cold fourteen to sixteen hours a day. One morning in June, 1925, Patsy and his father bought twenty-five bushels of string beans at sixty-five cents a bushel. "We start them," Patsy said, "at three pounds for a quarter. Then it starts to rain, thunder, and lightning like cats and dogs, and by dark we are selling the beans two pounds for a nickel. I quit the pushcart business right then."

Patsy's father said that Patsy didn't know enough English or have the proper manners or appearance to be a grocery clerk, which had been his ambition ever since he had noticed that clerks worked *inside*, dressed neatly, and were on the job only ten or twelve hours a day. He put aside this dream for a while and worked as a plasterer, getting two dollars his first week, ten dollars his second, eighteen dollars his third, and thirty dollars his fourth. He was intense-

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ly ambitious, however, and, giving up the quick success of plastering, he walked in cold to the store owned by Gennaro Gentile, the grocer he still calls "Boss," and asked for a job as a delivery boy. Gentile put Patsy to work and three days later moved him inside as a clerk. Patsy went ahead fast and soon was Gentile's most valuable employee. In 1926 Patsy got an offer from First National Stores to be a clerk in Boston, and he went there, stopping off in Norwood to marry a girl he had met while he was living with his cousins. Patsy stayed with First National for a year and quit one Saturday afternoon when a supervisor unjustly reprimanded him. Patsy's wife was just about to have their first child, and her relatives thought she had married a crazy man when they heard he had given up his job. He came to New York, worked as a ditchdigger for a while, and finally got a job with Charles & Co. There he impressed his employers by the skillful, rather reverent way he handled fruit. He learned how to put up steamer baskets, and even now he is sometimes asked by a customer to fix up a nice basket to send to someone in a hospital.

A few months later he went back to work for Gentile, and in 1930 he entered into partnership with a fellow named Frank Tucciarone, a brother of Patsy Tucciarone, in a grocery store on Lexington Avenue near Eighty-third Street. The partnership was dissolved in 1932 and Patsy carried on alone. Patsy's brother, Nick, a bouncing, friendly fellow, had come to this country in 1924, and Patsy had advised him to become a butcher. Someday they would be partners in their own business, Patsy had said. Nick joined Patsy in 1935; they put in a meat department and together they began to flourish. They enlarged their establishment several times

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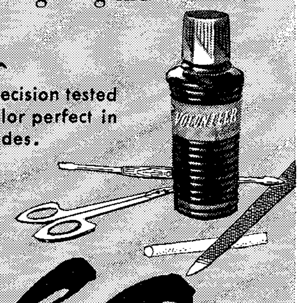

and moved to Third Avenue when their landlords wanted to hike their rent. In 1940 they bought another store on Lexington Avenue and in 1941 they opened the Mount Vernon shop. They would still be expanding but for the war.

PATSY spends most of his time in the Third Avenue store, which he manages himself. He has managers for the two others. A shift in pronouns and emphasis occurs as Patsy moves from the market, where he buys, to the store, where he sells. At the market, he refers to his customers as an ominous "they," ready at any moment to start buying from a chain store. At the store, customers tend to become singular and to be spoken of as "she." This is especially true when he is talking about telephone orders. Patsy will point at a box which is being packed by a clerk and say, "Did you give her yellow onions? Don't you know she always wants white onions?" Once, when I was with him, he said to Junior, one of his clerks, "Do me a favor, will you please, and be sure the boy takes that box over right away? She is Mrs. Rosenbloom and she goes to business at ten o'clock."

Another day, there was a pile of small glass jars of red caviar on a counter. The sight of the caviar upset Patsy. Every time he passed it he snorted and said, "Two points. Who the hell is going to use two points for that stuff? Is caviar essential food?" The fourth or fifth time he launched upon this monologue, a clerk named Harry said, "Fish is rationed if it is packed in cans or in glass. Caviar is fish eggs. Fish eggs is fish. Fish eggs is rationed." Patsy looked at him and said, "What the hell they got to ration that goddam stuff for?"

Harry got into another controversy with Patsy later in the day, when, it seemed to Patsy, Harry had gone out of his way to sell a woman some cocoa. After the woman had left the store, Patsy walked over to where Harry was cutting cheese. "Did I tell you not to sell cocoa without you ask me first?" Patsy asked. "Did you see that A.P. bag she was carrying? What do you think she came in here to get? All she wanted was cocoa. The next time she goes shopping, will she come in here or will she go to the A.P.? She will go to the A.P. Why should we sell A.P. customers cocoa when we turn down our own good customers?" Harry was silent and slightly bewildered. He made another attempt to cut the cheese, and Patsy reached out and pulled some foil and

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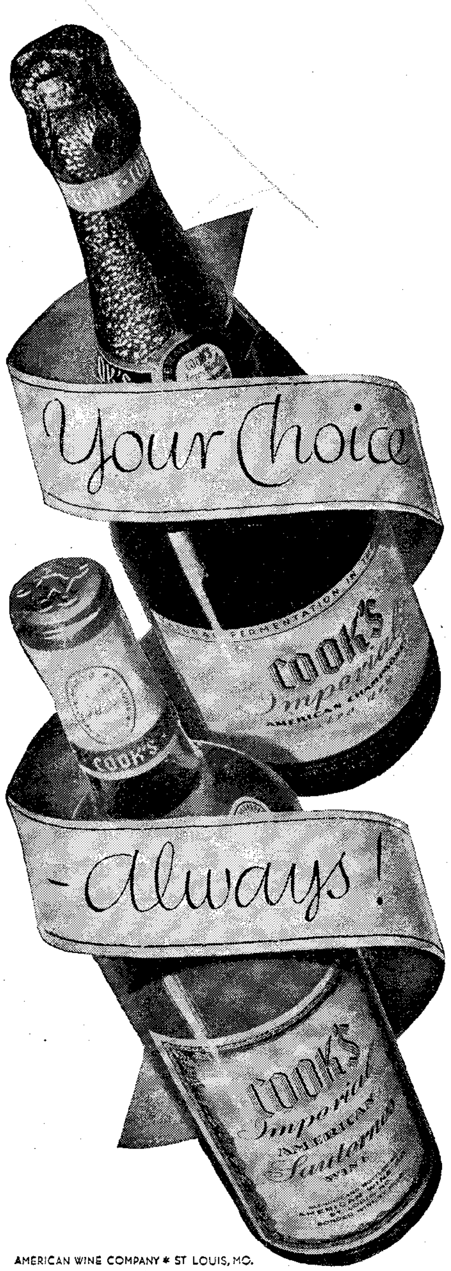
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Chrome-Twist
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF
TENNIS AND BADMINTON GUT

paper off the top of it. "Why don't you take the paper off if you want to cut cheese?" he asked.

Harry was having a bad day. It was something like what happens to a young infielder when he boots one in the first inning and juggles everything he handles for the rest of the game. A minute or two after the cheese incident, a small, elderly man came in and asked for some white eggs. There were only brown ones, and the man walked out. Harry is more or less in charge of the dairy section of the store. Patsy bore down on him again. "Did you order eggs?" he said. "Why is it when white eggs is getting short you don't order them a couple of hours ago?" Harry said that the eggs were to be delivered any minute. "We got points," Patsy said, "and that is bad enough, so why can't we sell stuff without points without aggravation? If trouble can be avoid, let us avoid it."

Patsy used to have twenty-five employees in the Third Avenue store, but because of the war and the draft there are now only sixteen, including four delivery boys. They all seem to like working for Patsy, who pays well and closes his store at exactly 6 P.M., no matter how many customers he thinks might come in later. However, in Patsy's eyes something is usually wrong in the store, and he is unable to walk by three of anything without arranging them in a straight line.

Throughout the day salesmen wander in and out. They usually just check Patsy's stock of whatever item they are selling and tell him how it stands. One day when I was there, a Ballantine's beer salesman entered, walked down a stairway to the basement, scouted around there a while, came back, and said to Patsy, "You have four steinies, three quarts, two ale." Patsy replied, "That's enough," and the man walked out without another word.

LIKE many people who are normally in a state of irritation, Patsy treats really disastrous situations lightly. A few minutes after he had reprimanded Harry about the eggs, Patsy told me about the first Monday after point rationing went into effect. "It was really ridiculous," he said. "Business was off six hundred dollars the first day and eight hundred the second. I had to laugh." I later saw an example of what he meant by the ridiculousness of the point system when I watched him spend fifteen minutes with an elderly woman trying to talk her out of, rather than into, buying three cans of salmon and three cans of tuna fish. "You will not eat for a

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month," he insisted. She bought them anyway, and he walked away shaking his head. "People is not *educated* to points," he said.

One afternoon Patsy took me to the store in Mount Vernon. Al Kaplan, whom everyone in this store refers to simply as Mr. Kaplan and who owns the meat department, talked to us for a while. He was plainly dejected about pork, lamb, and beef. On the Friday before meat rationing began, his department had been so mobbed by women that he had had to close it down. Then he had asked his regular customers to leave written orders with him and had worked all night with his butchers to fill them. The customers were asked, when they placed their orders, to give first, second, third, and fourth choices of meat for Sunday. Many of them got their third or fourth choice.

The Mount Vernon store is an attractive one, a self-service affair. Patsy was proudly showing it to me when he happened upon some cauliflower. Three men were working in the fresh-vegetable department, and Patsy called them together. "Is this the way to cut cauliflower?" he asked. The leaves of several cauliflowers had been trimmed so that most of the heads showed. Patsy demanded a knife and a fresh, untrimmed cauliflower. The way to cut a cauliflower, he explained, cutting deftly and neatly at the green, outer leaves, is to trim it so only a little of the head shows; after a day more is trimmed, and the third day still more. "Look at this cauliflower," Patsy said, holding up one of those that had offended him. "Why is it you must always be cutting a cauliflower the way you did this one? Look at this old cauliflower, like an old baldy head. Tomorrow it will be wilt, and you will sell at half price. Nineteen cents? Is that a price for a thirty-seven-cent cauliflower?"

Patsy walked out of the store, and Louie, the store's vegetable buyer, followed him. "Patsy," he said, "I tell him, I tell him how to cut, but always he cuts them that way." Louie is a tall, melancholy man, and his tone was plaintive.

"Louie, you must tell him the boss wants it that way," Patsy said.

"I tell him, I tell him," Louie said softly. "I tell him, 'You want to be friends with me? You do like I want you to do.' But Boss, he cuts them just like he used to do. He is an old man, Boss, and it is hard for him not to cut a cauliflower like he did when he work downtown."

"You must be firm, Louie," Patsy said. "You must tell him the boss wants it that way, because you know, Louie, is that a way to cut a cauliflower?"

"Should I fire him, Boss?" Louie asked, a little desperately.

"No," Patsy said.

ON the way home to his six-room brick house in Queens, Patsy drove me to a subway station so that I could get downtown. As we rode along, he talked about his business and family. He has three children—Patricia, fifteen; Joan, eleven; and Stephen, four. Patricia clerks in the Third Avenue store on Saturday; she is paid four dollars, which is the rate for boys who work there. At times she complains because her father yells at her as freely as he does at the other employees. "I tell her that is as it should be," he said. Then he added, "My children, they can do what they want to do, because this is a free country, and I want them to do what they want to do, but I would kind of like one of them to take up the grocery business. Meats and groceries is good, and there is fresh vegetables. Lots of people think fruit and vegetables is for foreigners to sell, but they do not know fresh vegetables. Fresh vegetables are green and beautiful. You have to know them. You have to know how to treat them, so they will stay fresh, and people will buy them, and the fruit and the vegetables will look beautiful on the table, and the people will be healthy because the fruit and the vegetables are good for them. Fruit and vegetables are from nature. They are beautiful, like nature."

—MARK MURPHY

•

### DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
### (CITRUS DIVISION)

[*Letter in the Newport News Press*]

Dear Readers:—This letter is to advise you that if you have corns and bunions on your feet, to try bandaging a half of a lemon on each of them. But first you read carefully—"I am the resurrection, and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live—Jesus; John 11;"—and then please send it to some mother's fighting soldier boy.

For my ailment, I sew halves of lemons to the inside of my underwear and I bandage them on the top side of my hands and feet; but the piles are like the Japs, I watch them. I expect them back. In case they do I am ready to shoot them with more halves of lemons. It's now with Christ, lemons and you. Mark 4.

Sincerely,
ERNEST E. WATKINS,
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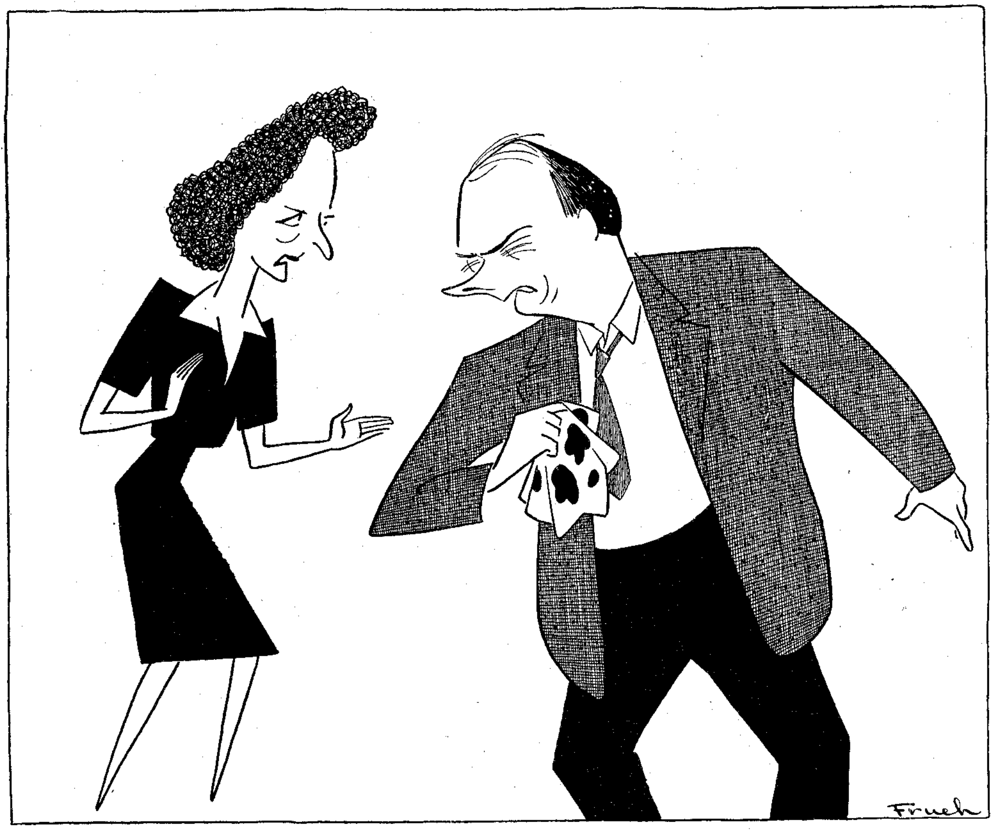
# THE THEATRE

## THE AIR IS PREGNANT

IRWIN SHAW is such an accomplished writer of short stories that it is a little hard to understand what happens to him when he sits down to knock out a play. The tight, accurate record of human conversation turns somehow into "speeches" that are often dangerously close to orations; the humor descends to a frank exploitation of such whimsical characters as vacuum-cleaner salesmen and parody business executives, or else, and probably worse, to arrangements of words that Mr. Shaw must proudly regard as epigrams ("Cirrhosis of the liver is an end product of love"); and situations that should arise naturally out of character seem no more than the arbitrary inventions of a desperate though fertile intelligence. All this means that, to my sorrow, I was unable to admire "Sons and Soldiers," now visible at the Morosco.

In this play, Mr. Shaw is occupied with the dilemma of a young woman whose physician, a man under the impression that the normal human temperature is ninety-eight degrees flat, has assured her that she has only one chance in ten of surviving childbirth. Most of the scenes—and there are a lot of them—are devoted to this unhappy lady's visions of the future, in which she sees herself as the mother of not one but two sons. The elder of these, an earnest, rather stuffy type, ignores his childhood sweetheart to take up with the doctor's wife, a middle-aged nymphomaniac. He comes to his senses, but only in time to go off to war, where, presumably, he gets shot. The other son, who exists in my memory only as a young man with bright red hair, actually is killed in battle. Confronted with this melancholy synopsis of events to come, not to mention the medical odds against her, Mr. Shaw's heroine nevertheless decides to have her baby. In what seemed to me a moderately painful speech, though it has been extensively praised elsewhere, one of her children, the one who was seduced by the doctor's wife, explains that in twenty-five years he has had the pleasure of reading Keats, swimming in the Atlantic Ocean, making love to two women, and drinking beer with his friends, so that his career, on the whole, must be regarded as a success. Though this outline of a happy life may have seemed a little bleak to a skeptic here and there in the audience, it is enough for his mother. I am no man to deny, at least very vigorously, that every life is worth living, but I'm afraid that Mr. Shaw has made out a hell of a fine case against it.



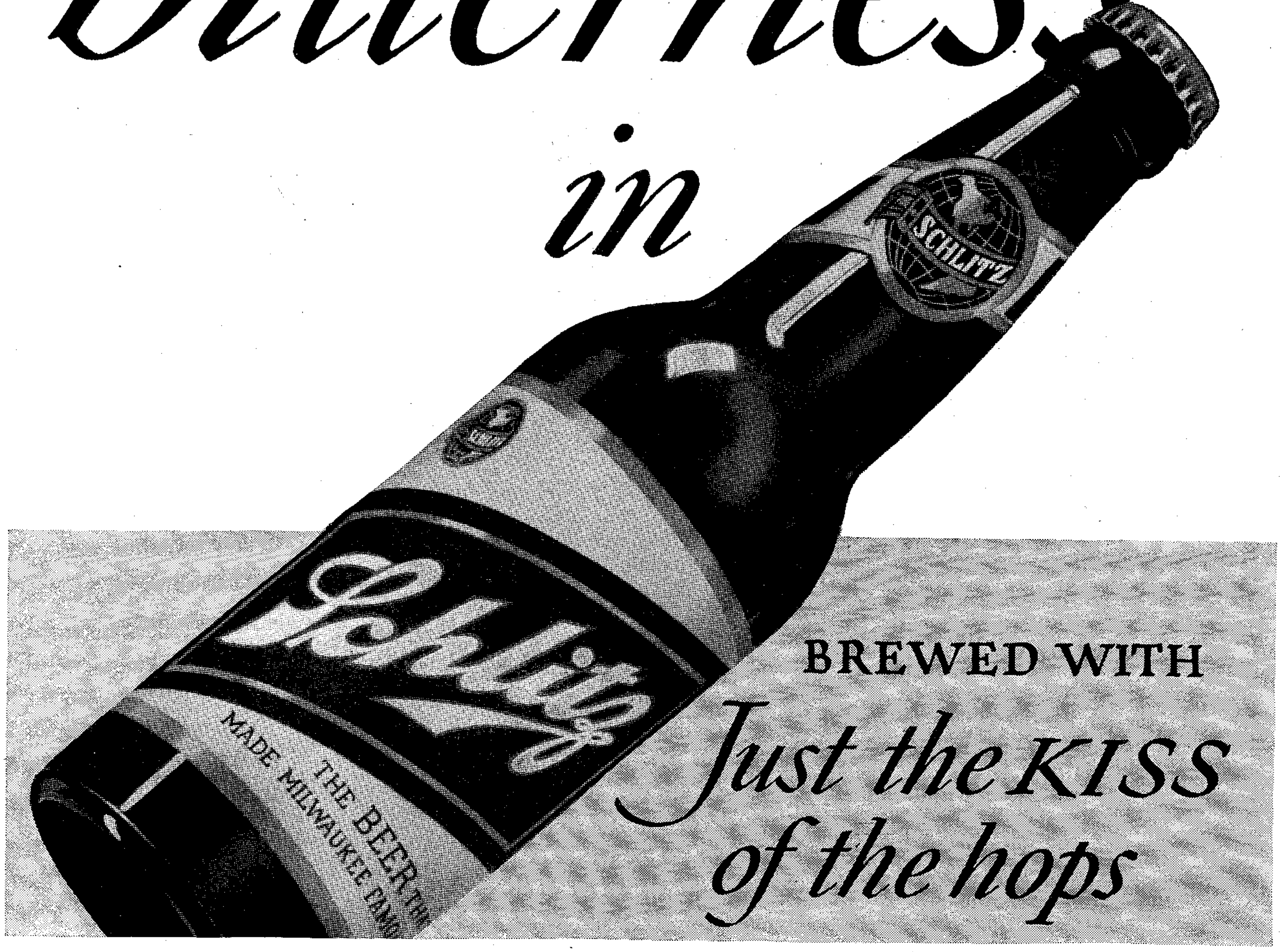
"KISS AND TELL"

*These people (Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith) are agitated because they think their daughter has been seduced by the boy next door. Mr. Keith, as you can see, also has a nosebleed. F. Hugh Herbert's comedy is at the Biltmore.*

The acting accompanying this rather exuberant and shapeless piece of work is, generally speaking, above reproach. Geraldine Fitzgerald oscillates between 1916 and 1941 with a minimum of the shenanigans usually employed by an actress called on to age a quarter of a century at the drop of a curtain. Gregory Peck, as her elder son; Herbert Rudley, as her husband; Millard Mitchell, as the doctor; Stella Adler, as his superheated mate; and Leonard Sues, who plays the trumpet with no especial relation to anything else in the script—all these perform handsomely, though, with the exception of Mr. Sues, they are often obliged to discuss life, sex, war, and other large topics in a manner that for some reason or other made me think of Channing Pollock. Norman Bel Geddes has made very ingenious use of a single set; Max Reinhardt's direction is possibly a little on the casual side.

"THREE'S A FAMILY," at the Longacre, is the sort of amiable, foolish farce that only a very disagreeable man would attempt to appraise on any rational basis. It is about the rise in the birth rate brought on by the war and the correspondent lack of housing and medical facilities, and I guess it is funny and silly in practically equal parts. The humor of pregnancy (last week was a field day for pregnant

There's No bitterness in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*of the hops*

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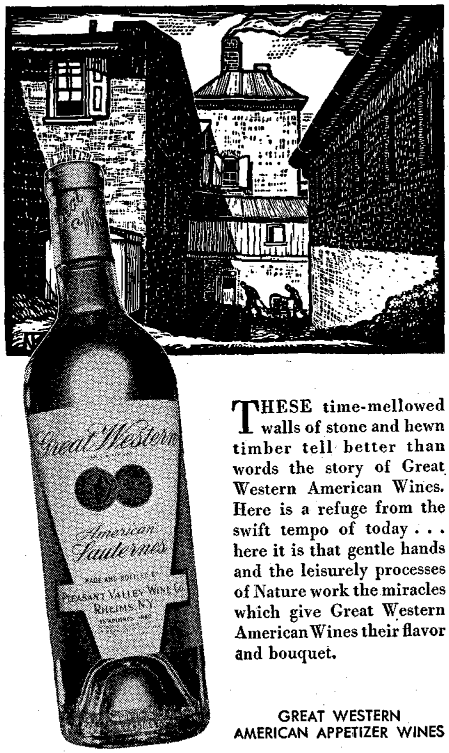
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women in the theatre) is one of those things that either enchant a customer or make him wish he were dead and buried deep, and I suspect that your enjoyment of "Three's a Family" will depend mostly on which school you belong to. All, probably, you need to know about the plot is that one bride turns up with a very new baby, another has one somewhere in the course of the performance, and a third is only too plainly about to have one. The comic possibilities of the diaper are by no means overlooked. The one really fascinating character in all these proceedings is a fine old obstetrician who hasn't been in practice since the Lusitania went down but still is able to deliver thirty-six babies a month along with the best of them.

In the cast are Ruth Weston, Edwin Philips, Doro Merande, and William Wadsworth, the last of whom I would like to nominate as the best character actor of the year. It is not a good play, but it is frequently quite a funny one.

I WAS not, I am sorry to say, one of those held spellbound by "The Corn Is Green" on its first appearance. When it showed up again last week, at the Martin Beck, it still seemed to me an earnest and literary exhibit. Miss Barrymore, of course, remains one of our most imposing talents, but "The Corn Is Green," while undoubtedly a worthy and dignified piece of work, may also be something of a bore.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

### THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

*Virginio Gayda, November, 1942:*

The battle of the Mediterranean cannot end in victory for the United Nations or the United States; it must end with a terrible wearing down of their forces—without having gained anything. The Axis leaders have already taken important decisions to parry events at present under way in North Africa. Naturally these decisions must remain secret, but one thing can now be revealed. It has been decided to resist and counterattack without mercy, using the same weapons, the same methods, and the same terrain as the enemy. Italy is unshakable.

*Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, November, 1942:*

There will not be any Waterloo.

*Adolf Hitler, November, 1942:*

And where are they [the English] now? And if they say today they advance somewhere in the desert—they have already advanced several times and they again marched backward. The only criterion is: Who deals the decisive punch, and you may be convinced we shall be the ones.

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

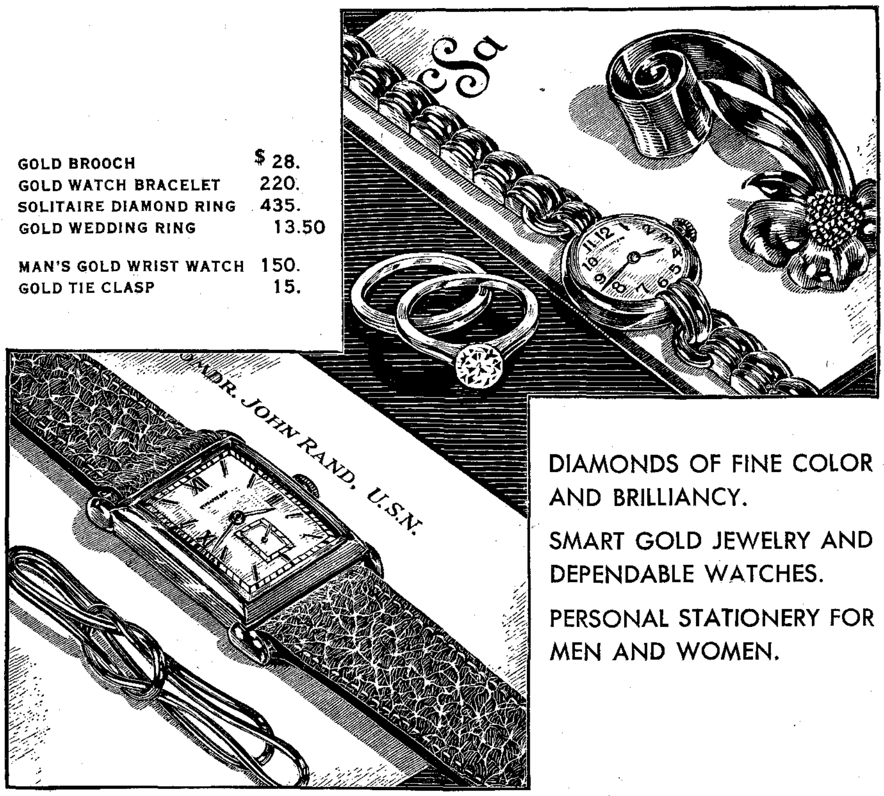
MAY 9 (BY CABLE)

THE African victory came so suddenly that astonished Londoners had hardly enough breath left to cheer with. The news of the all-out offensive had already put everyone in a mood of confident expectation, but the fall of Tunis and Bizerte was so far in advance of schedule that the first jubilation was just faintly dazed. By evening, however, most citizens had got over the shock sufficiently to put on their hats and go forth to celebrate. In spite of official warnings that enemy resistance hadn't ended yet, beaming Britons insisted on talking, over their victory pints, as though the boys had rolled Africa up in a bundle and were now on the European road to Berlin.

All this excitement was the climax of a growingly cheerful week. The American success at Mateur had already been enthusiastically played up by the papers and welcomed as warmly by the public, which bought its evening pennyworth of good cheer from news vendors who had chalked their boards with such amiabilities as "Go it, Uncle Sam" and "The Yanks are coming and the Jerries are running." Everyone seemed particularly pleased, too, that the French had been in on the Tunisian triumph.

Stalin's May Day speech, with its markedly cordial references to Anglo-American achievements, provided another fine boost for British spirits. Reading it, people felt that Moscow must now be as confident as Russia's allies and certainly as well informed about the post-Africa program. They were further cheered because the tone of the speech served to lift the gloom here about the Soviet-Polish controversy. Over this unhappy situation the diplomatic babel, which seemed to consist of saying nothing while deploring everything, had been so confusing that all the average citizen could understand was that Dr. Goebbels' department had again scored a bull's-eye. Marshal Stalin's unequivocal tribute, plus his statement about Poland to the New York *Times'* correspondent, went a long way toward making everyone feel easier.

THOUGH the big news of the week hasn't been concerned with the home front at all, thousands of agricultural Englishmen probably considered



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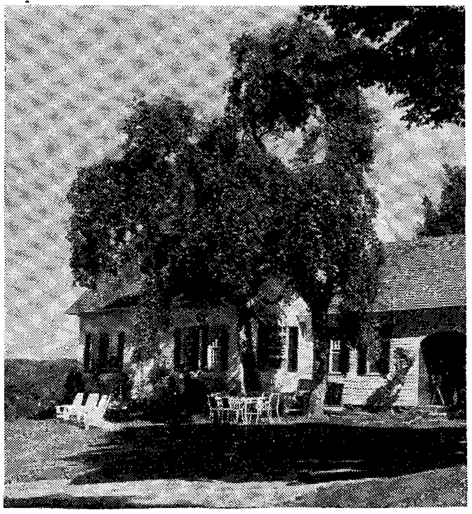

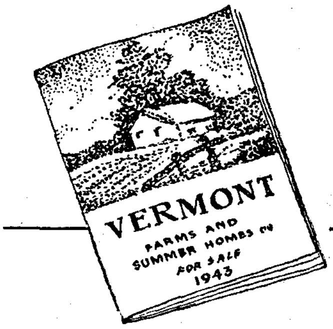
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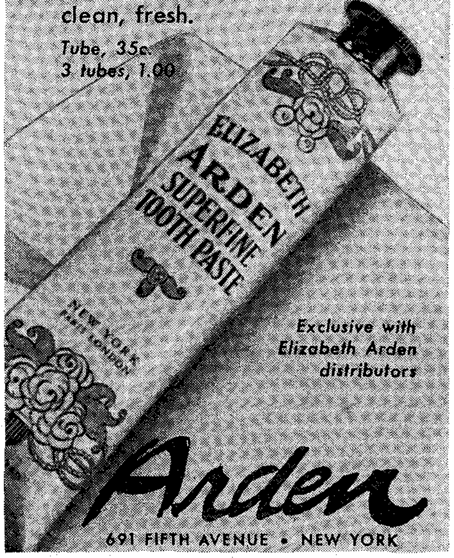

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Parliament's debate on housing every bit as important as Tunisia. Londoners are not the only ones who are wearing out increasingly precious shoe leather looking for a place to live; the plight of the farm laborer is just as desperate. In February the government promised that three thousand cottages would be put up in time for this year's harvest, a rather stingy essay at providing the thirty thousand new homes which, according to Lord Beaverbrook, are imperatively needed. Beaverbrook and his lively newspapers have abruptly dropped the second-front baby and picked up the equally noisy housing-shortage brat. Its discontented wails are likely to be echoed in every little pub up and down the countryside, since the debate brought to light the uncheerful fact that, owing to ministerial boggling and shortage of labor and materials, even the modest program proposed hasn't yet been begun. Apparently a good deal of the blame for this rural housing shortage can be laid at the rose-wreathed doors of the weekending gentry, who have put their evacuated children and their old oak pieces into cottages that were meant to house cowmen's families and have replaced the functional pig at the bottom of the garden with a picturesque sundial. Thousands of other cottages are slowly falling to pieces for lack of maintenance. It has been suggested that country Air Raid Precautions workers might, in their spare time, do minor repairs on them. In London, too, civil-defense workers, bored with their present inactivity, could do a lot to spruce up the city. Many a firewatcher, instead of perishing with ennui waiting for a fire to watch, would probably be enchanted, during the coming long summer evenings, to put a lick of paint on his neighbor's peeling front door. London's face, after nearly four years of strenuous wear and tear, needs a little fixing. In the revealing spring sunshine the light stucco house fronts in Regent's Park and Kensington are singularly depressing. The shopping centres in the West End are a little more pleasant, since a good many shop owners, thumbing their noses at the Luftwaffe, have taken down their protective boarding and hardily exposed their plate glass to prospective customers and bombs.

SHABBY as the town may be, the parks have once again put on their not especially abundant but still gay floral show to gladden weary eyes. The tulips near Wellington Barracks draw throngs of Whitehall clerks, who come at lunchtime to eat their sandwiches and

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to admire. Spring has also had its effect on the sheep in Hyde Park, who have been taking advantage of the absence of railings, removed to augment the nation's scrap-metal pile, and strolling out into the roadways, where they have been known to lie down in front of nonplused jeeps. As one more indication that spring is here, and also as a gesture of confidence in London's new barrage, a couple of ducks have trustingly nested in one of the big reserve water tanks near Bond Street. They seem to like it fine.

ALTHOUGH the expected renewal of the blitz is still lacking, the theatres cautiously continue to start their evening performances at six-thirty. So far, the most important event of what has been a healthy theatrical season was the offering of two new Noel Coward plays, which opened at the Haymarket last week. Mr. Coward, looking well indeed after an illness that apparently came close to casting him as a blithe spirit elsewhere, was rapturously received by his public and very nearly as handsomely by the critics, who invited him to step right up into the distinguished playwrights' gallery between Mr. Congreve and Mr. Wilde.

The first of the plays, "This Happy Breed," is a sort of junior "Cavalcade," showing the familiar middle-class family, with hearts of pure Empire teak, taking events like the Abdication and Munich in their stride. This one is perhaps a trifle too insular for export. The second play, "Present Laughter," is the one which evoked the comparisons to Wilde. It is Coward at his entertaining best, both as author and actor, and seems much more likely to survive a transatlantic voyage. New York will probably soon be laughing as hard at it as London is laughing now.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

She denied making a statement that she was "going to throw him out by the seat of his pants" if he attended another meeting. She said: "What I said was this. I said I was going to have somebody from the hotel throw him out by the seat of the pants."—*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

You can always tell a real lady.

•

### Cleaning Walls

Gather all leftover cake and cooky crumbs and substitute a cupful for one of flour used in a plain baked or steamed pudding. Reduce the amount of sugar by 3 tablespoonsful, too.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

And in the future keep your dirty feet *off* the walls.

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# OF ALL THINGS

THE Nazis are justly famous for their timing. It looks as if they'll succeed in getting themselves tossed out of Africa and the Caucasus the same week.

•

Italy is the scene of feverish activity these lovely spring days. The neighbors are under the impression that the Fascists are expecting company.

•

Observers agree that the American troops in Africa have become tough, seasoned veterans. In a very short while the Yanks have changed from isolationists to rank interventionists.

•

It might seem that the coal miners are overly fond of quiz programs. They insist that we stop everything else and answer the two-dollar question.

•

The House of Representatives struggled with the tax problem for four months and then found a happy solution. The gentlemen simply passed a bill which nobody could possibly understand.

•

The United Nations food parley at Hot Springs will give the press some privileges, after all. Reporters will be allowed to work inside the grounds and maybe even take a bath.

•

John P. Monroe, the contract broker, had no trouble getting important people to eat dinner at the Big Red House on R Street. Many of us are wondering how he managed to get enough meat.

•

Mrs. Alexander Thomson, "the American Mother for 1943," declares that spanking has its place. Any experienced parent could name the place.

•

Representative Fish is waging a bitter fight against the nomination of Wendell Willkie for president. Ham's fear is that if Willkie is elected he will drag us into war.

•

President Grace of Bethlehem Steel has voluntarily reduced his own pay to $221,645 a year. All patriotic citizens will applaud his action and do likewise.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

## COME DANCE WITH ME IN IRELAND

YOUNG Mrs. Archer was sitting on the bed with Kathy Valentine and Mrs. Corn, playing with the baby and gossiping, when the doorbell rang. Mrs. Archer, saying "Oh dear!," went to push the buzzer that released the outside door of the apartment building. "We *had* to live on the ground floor," she called to Kathy and Mrs. Corn. "Everybody rings our bell for everything."

When the inner doorbell rang she opened the door of the apartment and saw an old man standing in the outer hall. He was wearing a long, shabby black overcoat and had a square white beard. He held out a handful of shoelaces.

"Oh," Mrs. Archer said. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, but—"

"Madam," the old man said, "if you would be so kind. A nickel apiece."

Mrs. Archer shook her head and backed away. "I'm afraid not," she said.

"Thank you anyway, Madam," he said, "for speaking courteously. The first person on this block who has been decently polite to a poor old man."

Mrs. Archer turned the doorknob back and forth nervously. "I'm awfully sorry," she said. Then, as he turned to go, she said, "Wait a minute," and hurried into the bedroom. "Old man selling shoelaces," she whispered. She pulled open the top dresser drawer, took out her pocketbook, and fumbled in the change purse. "Quarter," she said. "Think it's all right?"

"Sure," Kathy said. "Probably more than he's gotten all day." She was Mrs. Archer's age, and unmarried. Mrs. Corn was a stout woman in her middle fifties. They both lived in the building and spent a good deal of time at Mrs. Archer's, on account of the baby.

Mrs. Archer returned to the front door. "Here," she said, holding out the quarter. "I think it's a shame everyone was so rude."

The old man started to offer her some shoelaces, but his hand shook and the shoelaces dropped to the floor. He leaned heavily against the wall. Mrs. Archer watched, horrified. "Good lord," she said, and put out her hand. As her fingers touched the dirty old overcoat she hesitated and then, tightening her lips, she put her arm firmly through his and tried to help him through the doorway. "Girls," she called, "come help me, quick!"

Kathy came running out of the bedroom, saying "Did you call, Jean?" and then stopped dead, staring.

"What'll I do?" Mrs. Archer said, standing with her arm through the old man's. His eyes were closed and he seemed barely able, with her help, to stand on his feet. "For heaven's sake, grab him on the other side."

"Get him to a chair or something," Kathy said. The hall was too narrow for all three of them to go down side by side, so Kathy took the old man's other arm and half led Mrs. Archer and him into the living room. "Not in the good chair," Mrs. Archer exclaimed. "In the old leather one." They dropped the old man into the leather chair and stood back. "What on earth do we do now?" Mrs. Archer said.

"Do you have any whiskey?" Kathy asked.

Mrs. Archer shook her head. "A little wine," she said doubtfully.

Mrs. Corn came into the living room, holding the baby. "Gracious!" she said. "He's drunk!"

"Nonsense," Kathy said. "I wouldn't have let Jean bring him in if he were."

"Watch out for the baby, Blanche," Mrs. Archer said.

"Naturally," Mrs. Corn said. "We're going back into the bedroom, honey," she said to the baby, "and then we're going to get into our lovely crib and go beddy-bye."

The old man stirred and opened his eyes. He tried to get up.

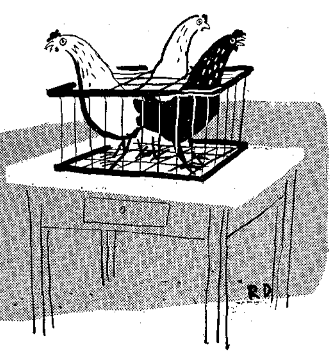
"Now you stay right where you are," Kathy ordered, "and Mrs. Archer here is going to bring you a little bit of wine. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

The old man raised his eyes to Kathy. "Thank you," he said.

Mrs. Archer went into the kitchen. After a moment's thought she took the glass from over the sink, rinsed it out, and poured some sherry into it. She took the glass of sherry back into the living room and handed it to Kathy.

"Shall I hold it for you or can you drink by yourself?" Kathy asked the old man.

"You are much too kind," he said, and reached for the glass. Kathy steadied it for him as he sipped from it, and then he pushed it away.



"That's enough, thank you," he said. "Enough to revive me." He tried to rise. "Thank you," he said to Mrs. Archer, "and thank *you*," to Kathy. "I had better be going along."

"Not until you're quite firm on your feet," Kathy said. "Can't afford to take chances, you know."

The old man smiled. "I can afford to take chances," he said.

Mrs. Corn came back into the living room. "Baby's in his crib," she said, "and just about asleep already. Does *he* feel better now? I'll bet he was just drunk or hungry or something."

"Of course he was," Kathy said, fired by the idea. "He was hungry. That's what was wrong all the time, Jean. How silly we were. Poor old gentleman!" she said to the old man. "Mrs. Archer is certainly not going to let you leave here without a full meal inside of you."

Mrs. Archer looked doubtful. "I have some eggs," she said.

"Fine!" Kathy said. "Just the thing. They're easily digested," she said to the old man, "and especially good if you haven't eaten for"—she hesitated—"for a while."

"Black coffee," Mrs. Corn said, "if you ask me. Look at his hands shake."

"Nervous exhaustion," Kathy said firmly. "A nice hot cup of bouillon is all he needs to be good as ever, and he has to drink it very slowly until his stomach gets used to food again. The stomach," she told Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Corn, "shrinks when it remains empty for any great period of time."

"I would rather not trouble you," the old man said to Mrs. Archer.

"Nonsense," Kathy said. "We've got to see that you get a good hot meal to go on with." She took Mrs. Archer's arm and began to walk her out to the kitchen. "Just some eggs," she said. "Fry four or five. I'll get you half a dozen later. I don't suppose you have any bacon. I'll tell you, fry up a few potatoes too. He won't care if they're half raw. These people eat things like heaps of fried potatoes and eggs and—"

"There's some canned figs left over from lunch," Mrs. Archer said. "I was wondering what to do with them."

"I've got to run back and keep an eye on him," Kathy said. "He might faint again or something. You just fry up those eggs and potatoes. I'll send Blanche out if she'll come."

Mrs. Archer measured out enough coffee for two cups and set the pot on the stove. Then she took out her frying pan. "Kathy," she said, "I'm just a little worried. If he really is drunk, I mean, and if Jim should hear about it, with the baby here and everything . . ."

"Why, Jean!" Kathy said. "You should live in the country for a while, I guess. Women always give out meals to starving men. And you don't need to *tell* Jim. Blanche and I certainly won't say anything."

"Well," said Mrs. Archer, "you're sure he isn't drunk?"

"I know a starving man when I see one," Kathy said. "When an old man like that can't stand up and his hands shake and he looks so funny, that means he's starving to death. Literally starving."

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Archer. She hurried to the cupboard under the sink and took out two potatoes. "Two enough, do you think? I guess we're really doing a good deed."

Kathy giggled. "Just a bunch of Girl Scouts," she said. She started out of the kitchen, and then she stopped and turned around. "You have any pie? They always eat pie."

"It was for dinner, though," Mrs. Archer said.

"Oh, give it to him," Kathy said. "We can run out and get some more after he goes."

WHILE the potatoes were frying, Mrs. Archer put a plate, a cup and saucer, and a knife and fork and spoon on the dinette table. Then, as an afterthought, she picked up the dishes and, taking a paper bag out of a cupboard, tore it in half and spread it smoothly on the table and put the dishes back. She got a glass and filled it with water from the bottle in the refrigerator, cut three slices of bread and put them on a plate, and then cut a small square of butter and put it on the plate with the bread. Then she got a paper napkin from the box in the cupboard and put it beside the plate, took it up after a minute to fold it into a triangular shape, and put it back. Finally she put the pepper and salt shakers on the table and got out the box of eggs. She went to the door and called, "Kathy! Ask him how does he want his eggs fried?"

There was a murmur of conversation in the living room and Kathy called back, "Sunny side up!"

Mrs. Archer took out four eggs and then another and broke them one by one into the frying pan. When they were done she called out, "All right, girls! Bring him in!"

Mrs. Corn came into the kitchen, inspected the plate of potatoes and eggs,

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and looked at Mrs. Archer without speaking. Then Kathy came, leading the old man by the arm. She escorted him to the table and sat him down in a chair. "There," she said. "Now, Mrs. Archer's fixed you a lovely hot meal."

The old man looked at Mrs. Archer. "I'm very grateful," he said.

"Isn't that nice!" Kathy said. She nodded approvingly at Mrs. Archer. The old man regarded the plate of eggs and potatoes. "Now pitch right in," Kathy said. "Sit down, girls. I'll get a chair from the bedroom."

The old man picked up the salt and shook it gently over the eggs. "This looks delicious," he said finally.

"You just go right ahead and eat," Kathy said, reappearing with a chair. "We want to see you get filled up. Pour him some coffee, Jean."

Mrs. Archer went to the stove and took up the coffeepot.

"Please don't bother," he said. "You get very little these days and I would hate to take it."

"That's all right," Mrs. Archer said, filling the old man's cup. She sat down at the table. The old man picked up the fork and then put it down again to take up the paper napkin and spread it carefully over his knees.

"What's your name?" Kathy asked.

"O'Flaherty, Madam. John O'Flaherty."

"Well, John," Kathy said, "I am Miss Valentine and this lady is Mrs. Archer and the other one is Mrs. Corn."

"How do you do?" the old man said.

"I gather you're from the old country," Kathy said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Irish, aren't you?" Kathy said.

"I am, Madam." The old man plunged the fork into one of the eggs and watched the yolk run out onto the plate. "I knew Yeats," he said suddenly.

"Really?" Kathy said, leaning forward. "Let me see—he was the writer, wasn't he?"

" 'Come out of charity, come dance with me in Ireland,' " the old man said. He rose and, holding onto the chair

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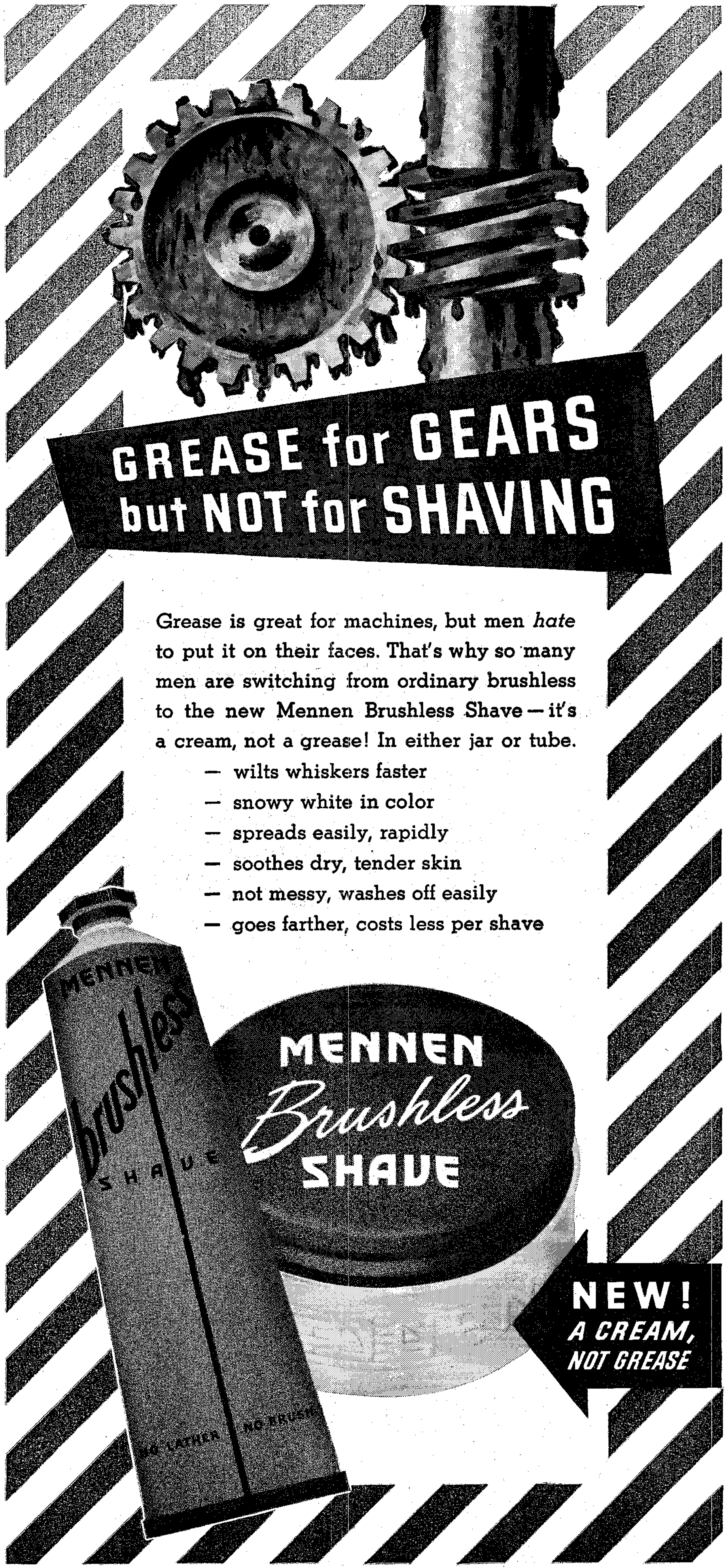

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back, bowed solemnly to Mrs. Archer. "Thank you again, Madam, for your generosity." He turned and started for the front door. The three women got up and followed him.

"But you didn't finish," Mrs. Corn said.

"The stomach," the old man said, "as this lady has pointed out, shrinks. Yes indeed," he went on reminiscently, "I knew Yeats."

At the front door he turned and said to Mrs. Archer, "Your kindness should not go unrewarded." He gestured to the shoelaces lying on the floor. "These," he said, "are for you. For your kindness. Divide them with the other ladies."

"But I wouldn't dream—" Mrs. Archer began.

"I insist," the old man said, opening the door. "A small return, but all that I have to offer. Pick them up yourself," he added abruptly. Then he turned and thumbed his nose at Mrs. Corn. "I hate old women," he said.

"Well!" said Mrs. Corn faintly.

"I may have imbibed somewhat freely," the old man said to Mrs. Archer, "but I never served bad sherry to my guests. We are of two different worlds, Madam."

"Didn't I tell you?" Mrs. Corn was saying. "Haven't I kept telling you all along?"

Mrs. Archer, her eyes on Kathy, made a tentative motion of pushing the old man through the door, but he forestalled her.

" 'Come dance with me in Ireland,' " he said. Supporting himself against the wall, he reached the outer door and opened it. "You old horrors," he said.

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

Getting properly acquainted with the cow is important, and how does one get acquainted? The best way—according to a spokesman for the 4-H Clubs of farm boys and girls—is to approach the animal "just as though she were a human being." Walk up from the right rear, quietly and with no unnecessary fanfare, place the left hand on the critter's hip and say: "So, Bossie."

—*Washington Post.*

Oh, come now! Most girls like a little fanfare.

•

### DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES

[*From the Watertown (Mass.) Tribune-Enterprise*]

Watertown Booklovers Club will meet Tuesday, April 20, at 10:30 A.M. The program will be "Why I Like the *Saturday Evening Post,*" by Miss Ruth Tisdale.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Problems at Home and Abroad*

IT'S been a few years since Walter Van Tilburg Clark's novel, "The Ox-Bow Incident," came out, and by now it's a little hard to remember all the details. The movie of it which has just been released gives you the impression, though, of matching the original faithfully enough and in any case is a rather good piece of work. Perhaps the people at Twentieth Century-Fox who produced it have allowed all this time to elapse so that everybody will have forgotten the ending and be in suspense all over again. If that's their game, this department is willing to play along. However, it can't do any harm to remind you that Mr. Clark's book was the one about an occasion of mob violence which is presumed to have taken place in a small Western town fifty or more years ago. The moral was that the law is an expression of men's consciences and when consciences fail to operate, the law does likewise.

On the screen this Western town is a masterpiece of dismalness; it's the emptiest damn place you ever saw. Into it ride a cowboy, played by Henry Fonda, and a pal, both in search of excitement. They get it, before long, by joining a posse that is out to string up a bunch of alleged killers and cattle-rustlers without planning to give them much in the way of a fair trial. The high degree of blustering righteousness and low degree of solid intellect of the local ranchers is well represented by the hired hands of Twentieth Century-Fox. Also in the posse is the town's aristocracy, composed of a vicious old Confederate major (Frank Conroy) and his trembling, wishy-washy son (a natural for John Beal, but played instead by William Eythe). The man-hunters don't catch up with their quarry (Dana Andrews and a couple of others) until after a very cold night in the mountains. The only incident to break up the trip is a meeting with a stagecoach, which contains some passengers who don't seem to have much to do with the plot and may be just remnants of a sort of sub-plot that has been mainly done away with by cutting. After that, along comes the cli-

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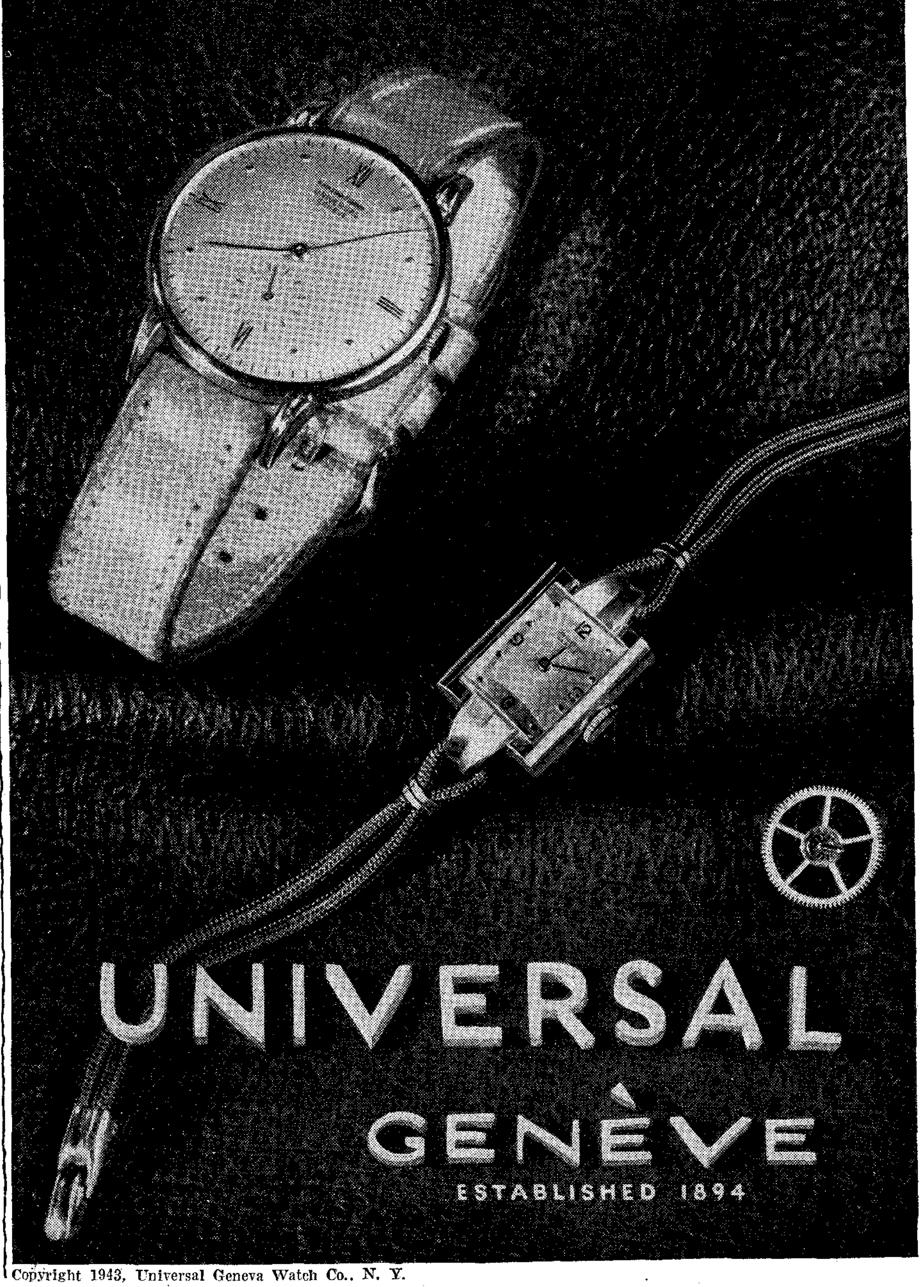

Copyright 1943, Universal Geneva Watch Co., N. Y.

max. It won't be betrayed here, but you may be sure it's pretty stark.

WITHOUT reaching any thoughtful solution, "The More the Merrier," a comedy involving Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn, deals with the housing problem in Washington. It seems that a young female office worker, a young inventor, and an elderly businessman share one smallish apartment in the nation's capital, with consequences that are, for the most part, very laughable indeed. The girl has sublet one of her rooms to the businessman, who in turn, and without the knowledge of his landlady, has sublet half of his portion to the inventor. His purpose is to drum up a romance between landlady and inventor, and of course the effort is not altogether a fizzle. The picture is notable for a number of funny situations and for good handling of them by the principals, especially Miss Arthur and Mr. Coburn. At one point Miss Arthur plays a reluctant love scene that is a whiz-bang. As is the case with a lot of madcap comedies, this one tends to fall apart somewhat toward the end, when all the accumulated mixups are supposed to be resolved without a complete sacrifice of logic but by no means are. As long as these mixups are merely being established, however, and nobody's worrying about clearing them up, everything is fine.

Incidentally, this is the picture that has been advertised with the query, addressed to the girls, "How would you like to come home and find Joel McCrea in your shower?" Before committing herself, a girl might be expected to ask, "Dead or alive?"

THE cast of "Next of Kin," a British product, doesn't include anybody you're sure to recognize except Nova Pilbeam, and there are melodramatic aspects to the plot that may be *over*-familiar, but on the whole the film is one that should please. The title is something of a puzzler, because the message of the piece is actually "Loose Lips Sink Ships," or "A Careless Word, a Needless Loss," or even "Keep Cool, Fool." In other words, the British have whipped up an entire screen play urging the elimination of gossip about military matters. They have chosen to show how a Commando raid (another one for

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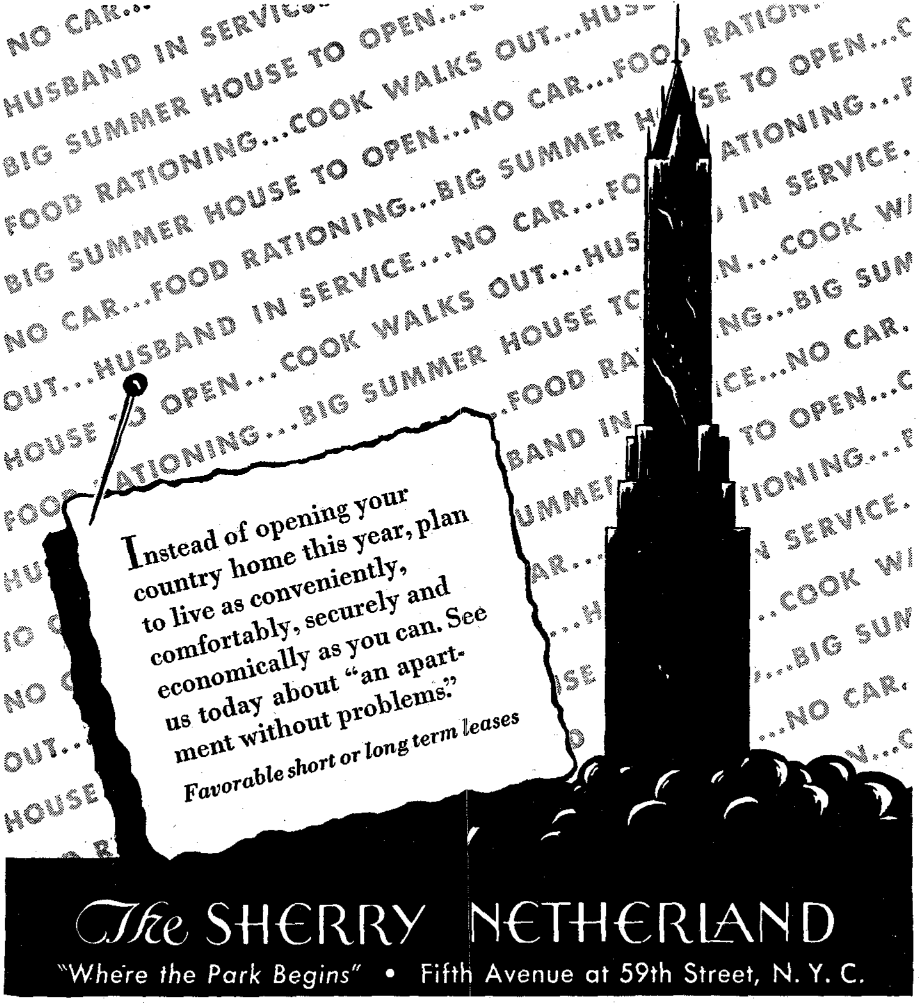
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*Favorable short or long term leases*

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"Where the Park Begins" • Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, N. Y. C.

your collection) can be tipped off to the enemy with nasty results. A couple of the Commandos themselves do the tipping by talking about their activities in bars and to their girls and so on. Some German spies get hold of certain clues to the time and place of this raid beforehand and use them to good advantage. What puts an extra punch into the picture is that old, expert way the British have with spy business. The details are well worked out, as usual, and neither our side nor the enemy is made to look like dopes.

GYPSY ROSE LEE'S mystery story, "The G-String Murders," has been cleaned up and converted into a vehicle for Barbara Stanwyck, under the new title of "Lady of Burlesque." This title change gives you an idea of the principles that have been observed in making the picture. Although not overwhelmingly shocking in the first place, the story has been shorn of what racy bits it had and burlesque as an institution comes out considerably tamed. There are scenes in which audiences of rational men are plunged into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. There is not one single, solitary strip tease from start to finish. In short, the film has nothing but a couple of killings to make your pulses pound. Hardly sufficient, really.

TWO current minor exhibits are "At Dawn We Die," in which the British have paid a well-meant but not exactly deathless tribute to the Fighting French, and "They Came to Blow Up America," which has George Sanders and German saboteurs but is hardly as explosive as its name.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

## SONG FOR A LAZY MAY MORNING

The sun is bright
Upon my skull.
The sun is bright,
But I am dull.

The songbirds sing
With right good will.
The songbirds sing,
But I am still.

The grass is up
In yonder lot.
The grass is up,
But I am not.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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to give wings to your spirits
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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Easy Does It*

ONE reason Man o' War could beat the horses who ran against him was that his stride was immense. It measured a bit over twenty-four feet, which is about a yard longer than that of the average racer. Count Fleet isn't anything like as big as Man o' War, but his stable insists that his stride is fully as long. This would do a good deal to account for his great speed, which turned the Preakness into a rather dull carbon copy of the Wood Stakes and the Kentucky Derby.

There was little to criticise, it seemed to me, about the race at Pimlico last weekend, but plenty of people tried. The complaint that Count Fleet didn't break a track record seems fairly unreasonable, for he was leading by lengths all the way. It seemed equally illogical to question the right of New Moon to run; after all, he'd been nominated two years before. He was, to be sure, last throughout and was beaten by almost an eighth of a mile, but he brought the number of starters up to four, didn't he? (He also collected fourth money, two thousand dollars, as neat a windfall as he'll ever have, I guess.) It's a poor entry indeed that doesn't blow somebody good; if New Moon hadn't increased the list of starters to four, there wouldn't have been place betting on the Preakness. What would the safety-first horse-players, who like to make doubly sure, have done then, poor things?

Anyhow, Count Fleet didn't get himself spiked. I noticed that Cameron, his trainer, who was apparently prepared for a repeat performance, made a quick inspection of each leg of the colt as soon as Count Fleet came into the winner's circle. Altogether, the Preakness was a calmer race than either the Wood or the Derby. Longden, who rode Count Fleet, seemed less nervous than usual and was fidgety only when the floral blanket of black-eyed Susans, flung over the colt's withers, was tugged into place by the press photographers and newsreel men.

I'd like to suggest, while I'm on the subject, that the custom of tossing a blanket of flowers on a horse who is still all stirred up and hot from running a race be discontinued forthwith. The business seems to be mainly nonsense: the decoration doesn't improve the picture of the winner, it does the animal's temper no good at all, and the owner and trainer seldom get more than a sprig of fern from it for a souvenir. Count Fleet's Preakness blanket vanished, picked to pieces by the crowd, before you could say Vincentive, a name the radio announcers seemed to have particular trouble with that afternoon.

ANYONE with half an eye can see that Count Fleet dominates the season's three-year-olds completely. All that we touts and horse-copers now have to wonder about is when he is going to run at his top speed—my guess is that he may do it in the Withers Stakes at Belmont Park a week from Saturday—and how much prize money he's going to win this year. The all-time high for a season's racing is $308,275, collected by Gallant Fox in 1930. Count Fleet has a fair start toward that mark with his $126,015. He's popular, too, even though he's always held at highly uninteresting odds. Probably most of the people at Pimlico last Saturday were those who make it a point never to miss a Preakness, but I'll bet that many came just to see Count Fleet run. Speaking of crowds, I don't recall ever being buffeted by a larger one at the Baltimore track. It was a gruelling afternoon, but it was fun just the same.

NOW that I've done my duty by Maryland's classic, I'd like to call your attention to the racing at Jamaica last week. Vagrancy was very unlucky in the Erin Handicap. If she hadn't been blocked so many times as she tried to come through on the rails, she would, I believe, have beaten Pomayya, good as this filly is. The other day somebody remarked on the large number of winners sired by Jack High. I wish that this astute fellow had made his discovery before the Youthful Stakes, for I might have given a thought to Lucky Draw, who is by Jack High and who won the race at $31.50.

Well, here we are at Belmont Park again. The rumor department has a tip on Doublrab for the Metropolitan on Saturday, but I prefer Shut Out. So there you are. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Q. R.B., Providence.
A young woman has had alopecia for 12 years. In the wintertime her hair falls out and grows in again in the spring. Is there any curse for this condition?
—*Providence Journal.*

Sure, but keep it under your breath.

UNCONTROLLED APPRECIATION

**The chap in the illustration does seem a bit emotional in his enthusiasm. But for good reason. He has just been served a properly made Manhattan to spark his appetite and awaken a full appreciation of fine food! A good meal deserves this proper introduction to it—so be sure that the cocktail you order includes the tonic and appetite awakening qualities of Angostura Bitters!**

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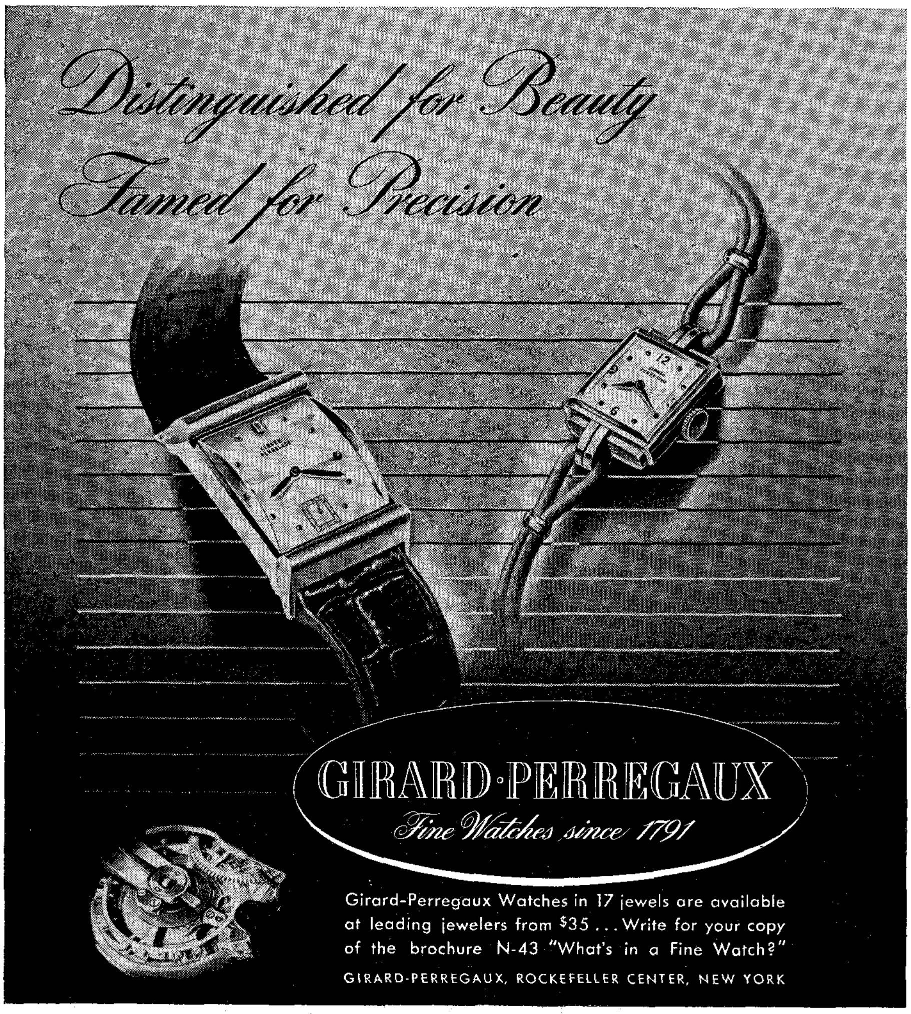

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# OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

WHENEVER Washington is mentioned in an editorial, a congressman's speech, or some quotation attributed to that notorious Man in the Street, the word "bureaucrat" is apt to be in the immediate vicinity. Well, I'm a bureaucrat and, being employed by a government agency, I'm surrounded by hundreds of other bureaucrats, some of whom are my best friends. I think I speak for at least a gross of us when I say that we're bewildered by our fame. Occasionally we will greet each other with such salutations as "Hiya, bureaucrat?" or "What gives, bureaucrat?," but that is about as far as our heads have been turned. Down deep, the majority of us are quiet, even dull, people who pine for the sweet days when a civil servant could count on his anonymity. However, there's no point in dodging reality; we're getting discussed more, not less, so perhaps the helpful thing to do would be to tell the public about the life of a bureaucrat. Helpful or not, this old civil servant is going right ahead.

The first thing my colleagues and I do each morning is to turn up at one of the four entrances to our building. There we are challenged by uniformed guards who pretend not to recognize us and want to see our identification badges—small plastic shields bearing, more or less, our photographs. Once we've flashed these, the guards let us by. It's a deflating way to check in, especially if you've left your badge on yesterday's suit. However, as we federal workers come trooping through the marble halls, we are soon picked up by a cheerfulness in the air. The prospect of spending the day in our particular building has a whole lot to do with that. It has elevators, escalators, air-conditioning, soundproof ceilings, indirect lighting, Venetian blinds, and drinking fountains—in short, a hell of a lot more than most District landlords give you, assuming you can find a landlord. Some mornings, riding the escalator or taking a drink of water, I think of my wife, back in our apartment, or what we mistake for one, and feel guilty about my comfortable lot.

Most of the higher-ups in our building have private offices along a quiet corridor at one end of the floor I'm on. We lesser employees, who deal only in details, call this corridor Policy Row. One way of identifying a big shot in our agency is to say of him, "That's Clarence Jackson. He operates on a Policy Level." The room I work in, which has white plaster walls and a modest look, is shared by several hundred occupants. It's so long, however, that only during our occasional air-raid drills, when we're herded into the hallways, do we realize how many of us there are. In the room are rows and rows of lacquered walnut desks, a good many of which are presided over by secretaries. I've never before seen secretaries who get along as well with their bosses as the government girls do. The majority of them, in addition to being naturally pleasant and capable, usually outlast their superiors and as a result aren't too awed by them. They've seen so many of their betters leave the government service that they look on them as mere transients who happen to have a higher Civil Service classification than their own. "Someday I'm going to give one of them a letter of reference," my favorite secretary, a Southern girl called Betty Lou, was saying the other day. The officials, who are completely dependent on the girls' knowledge of the agency's innumerable administrative forms and rituals, are just as friendly.

THE long room has a tempo of its own. Our phones are constantly ringing. About one-fourth of the calls I get are wrong numbers. A wrong number, in government service, is occasionally an impressive business. Among my telephonic memories to date are: a request from the War Production Board to submit a report on my recent visit to England, where I supposedly observed industrial conversion first-hand; a reminder from the Rockefeller Committee not to forget a date I had with the Chilean Ambassador; and a strong word of warning from the Office of Defense Transportation not to go poking my nose into the gasoline controversy.

A vast amount of traffic also contributes something to the room's pace. Messenger boys and girls drop by at desks with memoranda about such matters as the resignation of an important official and his successor's biography, mimeographed diatribes against red tape, and notifications that pay days will henceforth fall on the third and eighteenth of each month instead of the first and fifteenth. Errand boys, pushing hand trucks loaded with mail and packages, keep shuttling up and down the floor. Research assistants, hot on the trail of statistics, scurry by en route to the library. Junior executives run through on their way to conferences called by senior executives in Policy Row, and when this occurs the chances are that a new directive is in the offing.

Part of the routine traffic in our room consists of out-of-town friends dropping in for a chat. Now that I'm a bureaucrat, a few of my pals have looked me up. They invariably expect to get the real lowdown on the national and international situations from me. I've tried telling them that, except for a few false rumors I've been instructed not to spread, I don't know any more as a government worker than I did before, but that only makes them smile skeptically. "I'd have lockjaw, too, if I had to walk around with your military secrets," an old friend, full of understanding, said not so long ago. By quietly putting myself on a policy level, I've solved, I am pleased to report, this problem; I now tell my fans exactly what I read in the newspapers and find that they listen with dumb amazement.

ORDINARILY I eat lunch in the building, and so do most of my colleagues. Around noon tidy platoons of government employees organize themselves and go downstairs to the basement cafeteria, where they get on the end of one of four queues. At the peak hour each of the lines stretches approximately fifty yards and it takes some twenty minutes for you to reach the food counters. The food, prepared by the non-profit Welfare and Recreation Association of Public Buildings and Grounds, is plain but good, and inexpensive. A number of the lower-paid employees come downstairs with sandwiches made by their boarding-house landladies and limit their cafeteria orders to a bottle of milk. It takes several minutes of wandering around with a loaded tray to spot an unoccupied table, and there are poorly disguised races to see who gets there first. On the tables, in small wooden stands, are brief announcements dealing with such matters as where the War Production Board's Glee Club will hold its next rehearsal, or calls for girl employees who are willing to serve as dance partners at weekend affairs at nearby Army camps.

Our official quitting time is five-thirty, but many of my fellow-workers rarely get home in time for dinner. Even those leaving on the dot, however, do so in a fairly exhausted condition. The reason for this widespread fatigue is a tiny bacillus known as "clearance," which goes charging up and down the *corpus civitatis,* wracking it with fevers, chills, and a weird palsy. Definition of Clearance: A process of arranging the facts, opinions, and circumstances within a single government agency or several government agencies concerned with a given problem so that something can actually happen. Well, anyway, this friend of mine over at OPA was telling me about getting clearance on the matter of just how many shoes civilians could have, a figure which had to be settled before the ration order could be worked out. First the Army was sounded out by the OPA on the number of shoes needed by our soldiers. Then the Navy was asked about sailors' shoes. The War Production Board was consulted about priority ratings and production facilities. Shoes being related to hides and hides being related to cattle, and cattle in turn to beef, the Department of Agriculture became heavily involved. The promises made by the Lend-Lease Administration to our Allies involving leather had to be learned. So did the plans of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Oper-

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ations. The Office of Economic Stabilization had to make sure that the ration order wouldn't unstabilize anything. Before the announcement was finally issued, the Office of War Information had to see that it was properly worded.

The epidemic charms of clearance affect all grades of employees. When an important matter is being cleared, stenographers spend their evenings typing and retyping, statisticians work feverishly at adding machines, experts check details, and men on the Policy Level search long within themselves before subjecting their opinions to the scrutiny of some other agency, the public, Congress, or the President. Newcomers are driven frantic by clearance. Recently one of them in my agency, complaining about it to an old federal hand, was told, "No use fretting. In an emergency it always takes longer." After a while a kind of governmental mellowness sets in. Instead of getting steamed up about delays and vetoes, people learn to be surprised and pleased when the delays are short or the vetoes don't materialize. They may even become converts to the system. A girl I know, who almost quit at the end of her first week in Washington, now becomes quite irritated when she hears other people talk the way she used to. "I'd rather have red tape than quick mistakes," she said recently. "Government is in business for everybody, not just for itself. It has to be pretty near perfect."

DESPITE the government's bigness, there's a geniality inside its offices which makes it different from the Grand Central Terminal or Macy's. The pressures of private industry don't seem to exist. "Reorganizations" may take place, but everyone knows that no one will be fired. Competition between the power boys about who ought to have jurisdiction over some job may get intense, but the loser isn't going to go out of business and sometimes he even gets a better job as consolation. Promotion in rank and pay are more or less inevitable as long as the federal worker makes a point of not resigning. Government salaries being a matter of public record, all of us know what our neighbors make, and that helps, too. You'd be surprised how relaxed an old-fashioned executive can be around the office once he realizes that his subordinates know exactly how much he's worth.

The same bigness, of course, can also give you the sensation that maybe you aren't there. Alumni of small firms, accustomed to personal glory and a

SHORT "SHORT" STORY

Your favorite spot may occasionally be "short" of Carstairs White Seal. You see, this great blend is more popular than ever. Then, too, our distilling facilities are working 100% on the production of war materials. But don't worry—we have a reserve of fine blending stocks. So in spite of occasional shortages, you'll continue to get the Perfectly Balanced Blend for years to come.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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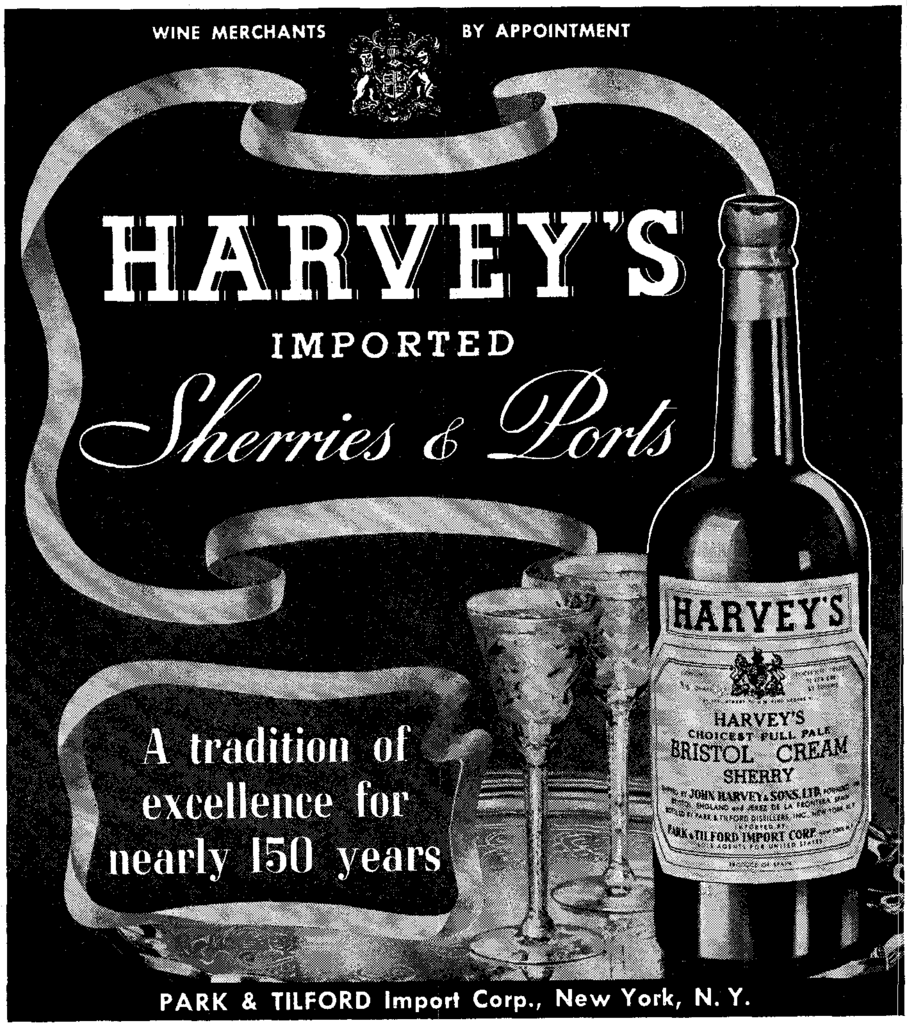
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Christmas bonus, lose their sense of reality when they fall to speculating on the significance of their individual contributions in Washington. They know that the total effect of everyone's work is essential to the war effort, but they're not sure just how their individual chores fit in. A few weeks ago a colleague of mine, who had let this situation throw him, finally called it a day. I saw him off at Union Station, where he delivered himself of his final words. "I was in the middle of the Sahara," he said hoarsely, "and mirages were all around me."

Some of us bureaucrats, when we get to talking about it, hold that things here would probably be the same whether a Republican, a Southern Democratic, or a Platonic administration were in power. Another colleague, a Republican, perhaps remembering what Lincoln went through, put this notion into my head the morning after last November's elections. I thought he'd walk into the office beaming, but he looked edgy. "Whew!" he said, falling into his chair. "We nearly *won* the darned thing. This is a hell of a time to be running the country." —DANIEL LANG

•

## NEPENTHE

With Coca-Cola we imported the germs of disease from American society. The former Coca-Cola factory here will be reopened with the name changed. Instead of Coca-Cola, it will produce a drink called Sumarasi, which will remind us of jasmine instead of hot jazz.—*Japanese-controlled Batavia radio.*

Those flowery little Japanese,
So glad to learn, so quick to please,
Refuse to risk, on any terms,
Contact with Occidental germs.
They have no use, it seems, for folk
Whose taste has been depraved by coke.
Well, here's reprisal of a sort
That ought to bring us all up short
And make us realize how far
Behind those supermen we are.
Now, by imperial decree,
That Coca-Cola factory
Will be completely purged to brew
A drink immaculately new.
Sweet is the jasmine, and no doubt
Its fragrance, bottled, will give out
A tang delightful to the tongue
Of everybody, old or young.
Just one more reason why we'll bet
The Rising Sun is due to set.
One sip of Sumarasi may
Soothe and refresh the Japs—and they
Are going to need a soporific
When we get through in the Pacific!
—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

it goes to your heart!
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CREATORS OF PERFUMES THAT WHISPER "SOMEONE LOVELY HAS JUST PASSED BY"

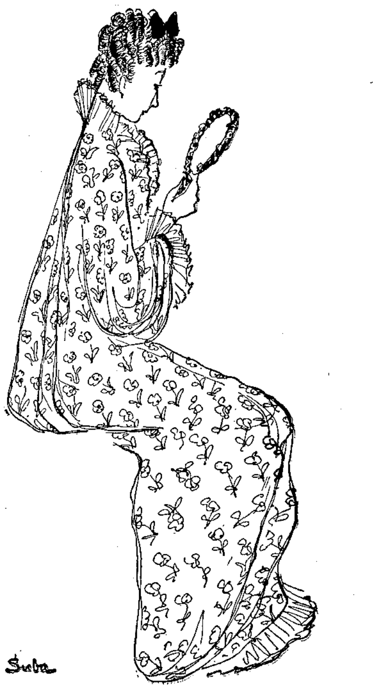
# THE ARMY LIFE

## XXXI—AUSTRALIAN RECESS

THERE are many things a soldier misses in a combat zone, especially so austere a one as New Guinea, where, since the usual business transaction involves only the exchange of a cigarette for a coconut, we American troops threw away the coins in our pockets because we considered them excess weight. While not occupied with military duties, we reflected at length on the things we had left behind, and in every set of reminiscences the traditional wine, women, and song had a high priority. In the jungle we had little first-hand traffic with any of them. On one memorable occasion a friend of mine borrowed from an overstocked medical-supply depot a minute amount of alcohol, which, mixed with concentrated fruit juice and judiciously thinned with chlorinated water, made an acceptable and, it turned out, harmless potion. Aside from that, however, we were as temperate as institutional beer ads. We never concerned ourselves with women, except in the abstract, because the only ones around were natives, who were not, as I have observed before, Dorothy Lamour.

Of our trinity of interests, song came off best. For a while we had access to a short-wave radio, on which we received occasional tunes from home. Once we had moved to the northern, or business, side of the Owen Stanley Mountains, however, we had only our own voices. Among the things I will always remember about the Papuan campaign is the fact that I devoted a disproportionately large part of it to teaching a sergeant from Boston—who had done some night-club entertaining and went in for lighthearted numbers like "Tangerine"—the lyric of a rather dirgelike ditty fervently condemning lynching and calculated by its composers to depress all listeners. After diligent practice, he mastered the words, though he felt they would hardly help him professionally, but he never could get the tune, possibly on account of some vocal defect of mine. There was no reason for his learning the song or for my teaching it to him, but it gave us both something to do during the long hours when we might otherwise have merely been nervous. At that, the zeal with which he accomplished his mnemonic chore seemed to have no military ill effects. A few hours after he had memorized the last bitter couplet, he went out and won himself a Silver Star for gallantry in action.

IT was much sooner than I could have hoped that I had a chance to hear some reasonably new songs, see a number of attractive women, and drink a small glass or two of wine. The opportunity came when I was suddenly sent back to Australia. Before sunrise one morning I found myself, along with other members of my outfit, boarding a southbound plane, and not long afterward I had lost sight of New Guinea. The sun came up while we were flying over the Coral Sea, and if you think a tropical sunrise seen from ground level is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, you've never seen one from the air. I had fallen asleep soon after we took off and was awakened by another soldier's elbow. "Look," he said, and I looked, and it was worth looking at. The sky was streaked with giant gashes of purple and pink, and for the next half hour there was a varying display of violent splashes of color. After the sky had quieted down, I dozed off again, and woke up shortly before we landed at an Australian airport near a certain city. Among the officials who came out there to examine our travel orders was a woman. I noticed that practically all the passengers, including myself, were staring at her. We hadn't seen a woman of our own color for more than two months. She was not at all pretty, but we couldn't help gazing at her curiously for a couple of minutes. She didn't seem offended. Working at that particular field, the first stop on the route south, she was probably used to it. However, when she started in on the job, she must have thought her slip was showing.

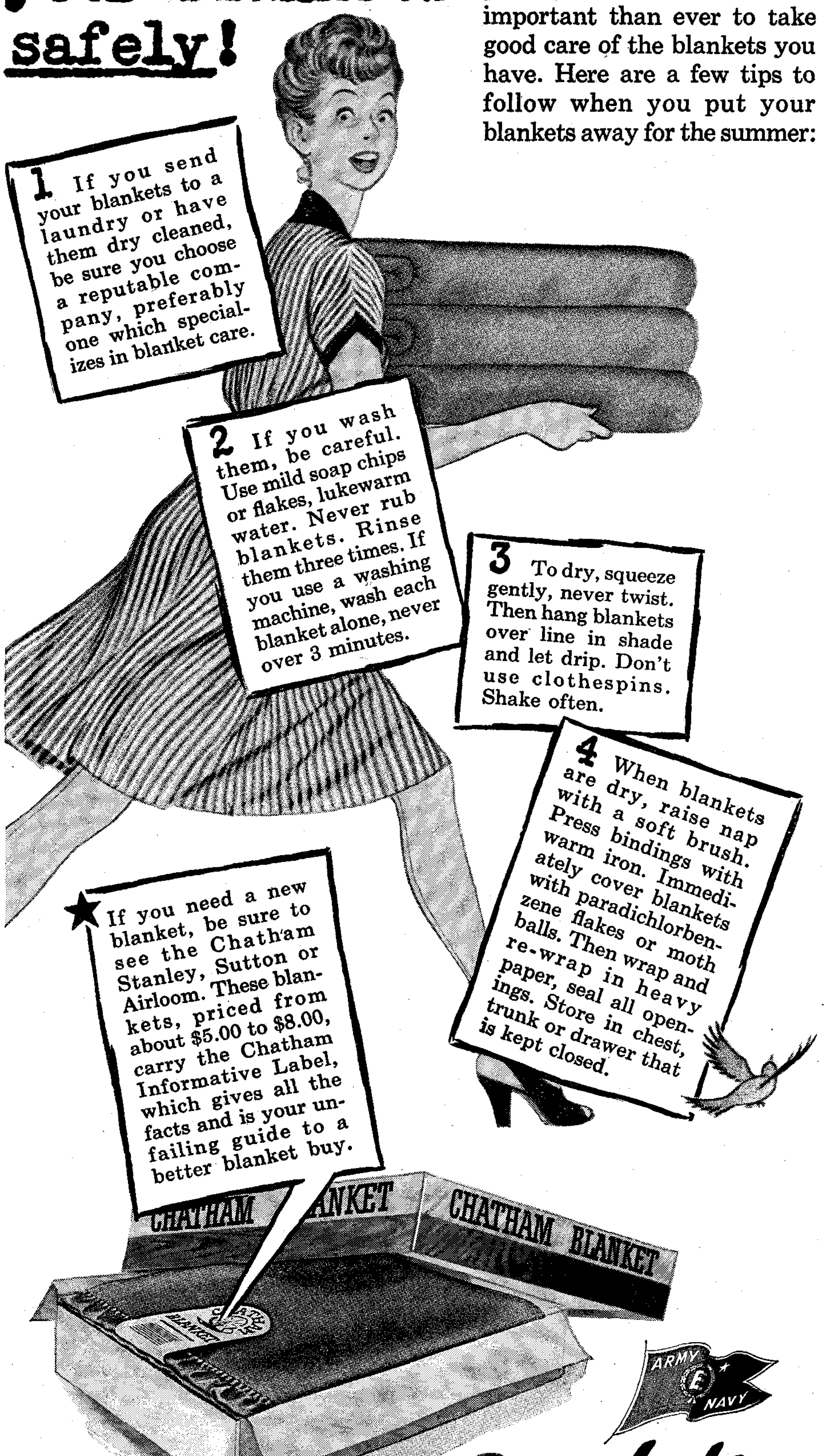


I took three hot showers during my first twenty-four hours back in Australia, but I still didn't feel clean; after you've walked around in New Guinea mud for a while, you are apt to think of yourself as permanently gray. Then, putting into effect the program we had all planned for ourselves up north, I invited a girl I had known before to have dinner and a few drinks and hear some music. It was just as I'd pictured it. It was, I guess, wonderful.

Australian girls, all in all, are neither as well dressed, as good-looking, or as elaborately educated as American girls, but they have much to commend them, including an agreeable determination not to abet loneliness in American soldiers. Many of the girls we have met are proud of their knowledge of Americana, and by way of demonstrating their international awareness they frequently quote the words of a Broadway tune, learnedly discuss Hollywood, or ask us, in so many words, to buy them a coke. Australian women have been in uniform for so long now that no one regards a Waaaf (Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force) or an Awas (Australian Women's Army Service) as an oddity, nor do the lady soldiers themselves exhibit any self-consciousness about being addressed as private, corporal, or signalwoman.

Practically all Australian young women are working, the majority of them in essential industries. One girl I got to know fairly well, who had begun working for an oil company at the age of sixteen and now, four years later, had a responsible job in its auditing department, worked two nights a week but still found time to volunteer for extracurricular wartime tasks. She had to work only a half day on Saturday, so she spent the afternoon visiting wounded soldiers at a hospital. She had all day off Sunday, so she was able to spend practically the whole of it at an American Red Cross Service Club, where, with dozens of other Australian girls, she ran a cafeteria that was one of the few eating places open on Sunday, a day on which many Allied soldiers can be found looking wistfully at the locked doors of stores, theatres, pubs, restaurants, and other establishments they wish were open. In what time she had left over, she made her own clothes. Australian wages are not high; despite her four years of service, and the fact that she had several other girls working under her, her pay, including the over-time for the two nights, came to two pounds ten shillings a week, or about eight dollars. She gave her family one pound of that for room and board, spent six shillings on carfare and lunches, and was thus left with approximately four dollars to splurge on everything else. She did not regard herself as oppressed or exploited, since she was earning the average salary for a girl of her age. She was saving money, she said, for a trip to the United States, a journey many Australians are eager to make. Considering what she has to save out of, whether she will attain her hope will probably depend less on her thrift than her durability.

A soldier returning to Australia may, understandably, want a drink, but, like everyone else, he doesn't have too easy a time getting one if he is at all fussy. In the city I happened to land in, the bars opened at eleven in the morning and closed, theoretically, at six, but they had usually run out of their daily quota of stocks considerably before then. Rye and bourbon have never been readily procurable, and Scotch is exceedingly scarce, unless you agree with the Australians that the name Scotch can be applied, as they apply it, to a homespun distillation suitable only for the most tolerant of throats. Rum and gin are easier to buy, and live up to their names. Beer, at eight pence halfpenny a glass—or pot, as they say—is usually obtainable, though it's becoming increasingly rare in bottles. An Australian's chances of purchasing any bottled liquor are slim, and during the limited hours when home-supply stores are open, long queues of civilians carrying the inevitable suitcases with which they shop line up patiently on the streets, waiting doggedly but pessimistically, like theatregoers hoping that the S.R.O. sign over a box-office window will somehow be taken down. The resourcefulness Americans are supposed to show when exploring foreign lands has generally enabled us to find *something* to drink. Once, when I was visiting some friends, we discovered to our dismay that there wasn't a potable around. Another American recalled having seen a case of dubious-looking bottles marked "Tonic" lying around in some shop window, and went off and got them. We opened one of the bottles, and, after discovering delightedly that it contained a dark and tasty beer, examined the label more closely. From it we found out that what we were drinking—and how it got to Australia we never did learn—was a brew described by its manufacturers, now undoubtedly inactive, as being es-



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1 If you send your blankets to a laundry or have them dry cleaned, be sure you choose a reputable company, preferably one which specializes in blanket care.

2 If you wash them, be careful. Use mild soap chips or flakes, lukewarm water. Never rub blankets. Rinse them three times. If you use a washing machine, wash each blanket alone, never over 3 minutes.

3 To dry, squeeze gently, never twist. Then hang blankets over line in shade and let drip. Don't use clothespins. Shake often.

4 When blankets are dry, raise nap with a soft brush. Press bindings with warm iron. Immediately cover blankets with paradichlorbenzene flakes or moth balls. Then wrap and re-wrap in heavy paper, seal all openings. Store in chest, trunk or drawer that is kept closed.

★ If you need a new blanket, be sure to see the Chatham Stanley, Sutton or Airloom. These blankets, priced from about $5.00 to $8.00, carry the Chatham Informative Label, which gives all the facts and is your unfailing guide to a better blanket buy.

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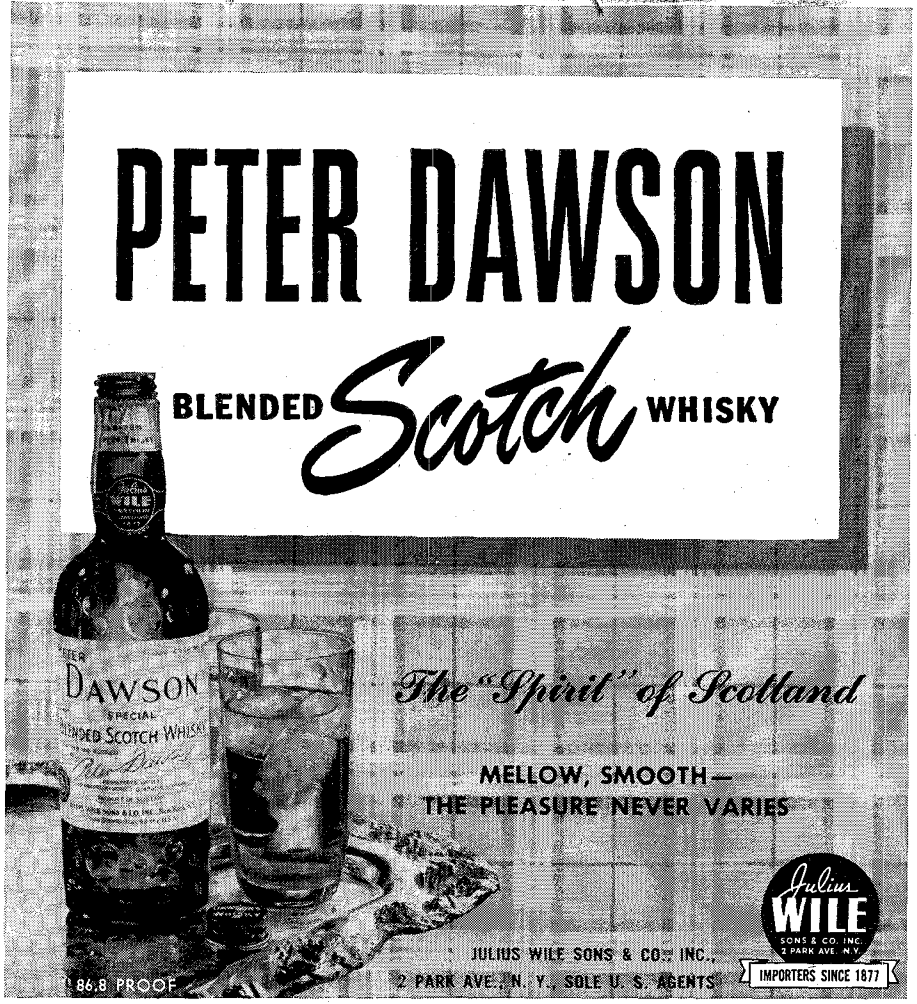

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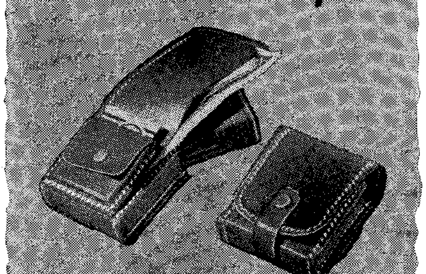

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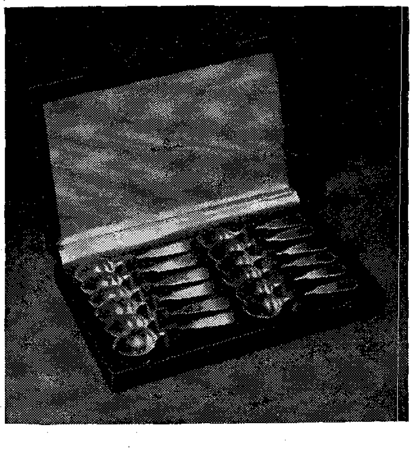

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pecially beneficial for nursing and convalescent mothers in the Philippines.

On our return from New Guinea, we American troops were received much more calmly by our Australian hosts than, as we have gathered from the press here, soldiers back from combat zones have been received lately in the United States. Men who have been in action are no novelty Down Under, and a couple of months in Papua don't, naturally enough, seem very impressive to a populace whose sons and husbands, if they get home at all, usually have had behind them a couple of years in the Middle East. Our Australian friends are glad to see us back, though, and we are glad to be here. Many of us, when we moved north, had no idea that we would ever be heading south again, having at the time a hazy notion that a more or less straight line would be the shortest and most likely route between two such points as Australia and Tokio, but we were not disappointed at temporarily retracing our steps. A year ago we never would have thought possible what now seems perfectly logical to us: that on coming back from battle, we should get to a place as far from our own families as Australia and be greeted by its citizens with a cheerful "Welcome home."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

### POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the R.K.O. Studio Club News, Hollywood*]

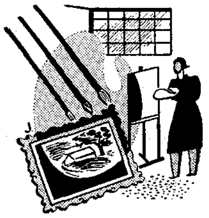
LADY LUCK

By Meyer Grace

Once Lady Luck caressed me with a smile
And fame was mine for a little while,
Drifting alone with the swirling tide
I drifted high, far, and wide.
Distant shores, foreign ports,
Meeting people of many sorts.
Yet to look at me who would have guessed
I once hob-nobbed with the very best?
Pointed out by the hoy polloi
Yes this all happened to me my boy.
But never once has it been said
I let success go to my head.
Never bragged of the things I've done,
The dough I made, the fights I won.
Even with folks I thought I knew
I smiled a friendly
HOW DO YOU DO.
When it came my turn to lose
I never cried or sang the blues.
Took my share of ribbing and more
But I never let myself get sore.
When friends of mine were in need of dough
I said "Yes," when others said "No."
What ever my faults, and I got a lot
I never put a friend on the spot.
The friends I've made I'm proud to say
They're still my friends to this very day.
We all play a part in life's battle royal
And I try to play mine according to HOYLE.

# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Three Sculptors, One Painter*



THREE sculptors are on our list for this week, and though one of them (that's the Englishman, Henry Moore, at the Buchholz) has devoted his exhibition almost entirely to drawings and water colors, and another, Stanley William Hayter, at the Willard, is a sculptor only in a modern extension of the term, the coincidence is something of an event in a season that has been confined generally to painting. The third man is Ossip Zadkine, at the Valentine, and in many respects I liked his show the best. Zadkine, you may recall, in the years just after the first World War, was one of the leading French abstract sculptors. Like Jacques Lipchitz and the others of his group, he was trying to exploit, in sculpture, the theories of strict two-dimensional representation that Picasso and Braque were developing on canvas. The results were not always successful, but it's interesting to note that he hasn't quite given up the attempt; at least two of the pieces in the show, the large plaques labelled "Warrior, I and II," are as definitely Cubist in concept and treatment as if they'd been dated 1920 instead of 1943.

It's interesting, too, that Zadkine has not given up experimentation in other directions. This is a good-sized affair for a sculpture show—nineteen pieces, all done in the last year or so—and the range of styles is from the conventional, through the mildly archaic, to such lightly fantastic productions as his "Maenades" and "The Jugglers." Through them all, though, there runs an adventurousness, a bold willingness to experiment with new forms and devices, that gives them unity. He is quite willing to turn faces inside out to see what the result will be—as he does, in effect, in his "Portrait of Mauriac," in which one side of the head is done more or less conventionally while the other is presented as a concave surface, with the features intagliated. The result is to give an air of frailty and intellectual delicacy to the figure that could hardly have been conveyed so succinctly by other means. He is quite willing to abandon the human figure entirely, as he does in "Still Life," a stylized portrayal of some books, a scroll, and a guitar; the result this time is a combination of the classic and

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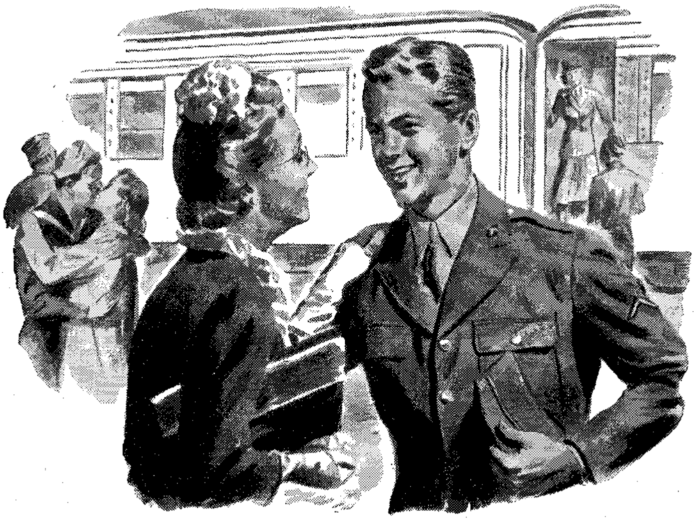
Out-moded pieces shown at right have been modernized into an attractive clip, two ear-clips and bracelet as seen above.



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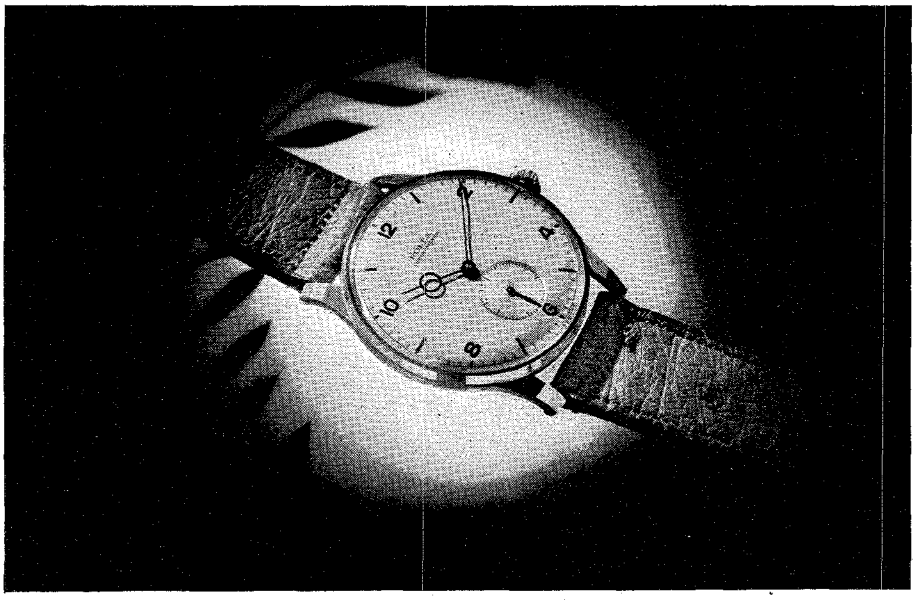
the abstract that is curiously effective. Through all his work there is also a fine feeling for sculptural values (note, for instance, the forward-thrust, strongly muscled leg in the "Maenades," and how sturdily it supports the complex forms above it) as well as a sense of craftsmanship that's as sure as it is subtle. There are times when his flair for experimentation carries him into superficiality, and times, too, when he sacrifices structural solidity for mere surface effects. But that there is a trace of true genius in his work seems to me undeniable.

THERE is only one piece of sculpture, a "Reclining Nude," in the Henry Moore exhibition, and that's a pity, for this man has emerged in the last two or three years as one of the most talented abstract sculptors that England or any other country has recently produced. The war, of course, ruled out any larger showing; there's no room in convoys now for carved stone and bronzes. However, his sketches, of which there are about forty on view, go far to make up that lack. There's a curiously sculptural quality about them. Even the smallest, such as the nine tiny figures set separately, in three rows of three each, in his "Group of Women, 1942," have a certain ponderousness. They look not so much like sketches *for* sculptures as like drawings of sculptures already completed—say, in this instance, like nine early Greek or Etruscan figurines, cast in lead. It is rare, I think, for a sculptor to present such exact images in his sketches; apparently, it's because in Mr. Moore's mind his ideas take shape from the first as sculpture and as nothing else, and this may explain the serenity and deep simplicity of his finished pieces. Certainly, it gives great elegance to the drawings.

THERE is elegance in Hayter's work, at the Willard, but little calm. Mr. Hayter, you will remember, has evolved a specialty of his own, which consists in etching abstract designs on small plaster plaques and then incising certain areas in intagliated patterns. Unlike Mr. Moore, who strives for simplification, Mr. Hayter tries mainly to express the multiplicity of movement inherent in any figure, and this seems at times too large an order to tackle successfully in the small space he allows himself and within the limitations of his very strict method. But if some of the pieces seem a little confused, there is no denying their grace and delicacy, particularly in such things as his "Cruelty of In-



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sects," with its grasshopperlike forms, and the even more involved "Combat."

Abraham Rattner, who is showing a set of recent oils at Paul Rosenberg's, is primarily a colorist, and his sure, daring use of pigment gives his work a certain sumptuousness that is perhaps its most compelling feature. In his big Crucifixion scene, called "Darkness Fell Over All the Land," the most ambitious canvas in the exhibition, it's the stunningly vibrant and luminous color that makes the picture, even overriding such faults of design as the too great assertiveness of the faces in the foreground and the relative weakness of the Christ figure. In others, as in his "A Place Called Golgotha," with its simpler design and even more ebullient color, he can produce a painting whose impact is as fresh and immediate as a sunrise. Yet there's something that bothers me about his work, and I think the trouble lies in the symbols he uses. Take those foreground faces in the Crucifixion picture. There's a row of them, and in his effort toward simplification, Mr. Rattner has drawn each one as a mere oval, with two circles for eyes and a slit for a mouth. They're the faces of Roman soldiers, and I suppose Mr. Rattner's intention was to create an impression of grimness; to the onlooker, though, they appear a little ludicrous. They are comic-strip faces, really, and as such hardly suited to the noble theme of the picture. Since the same row of faces appears, this time under umbrellas and definitely humorous in intent, in the painting called "April Showers," you are made even more confused; you can't tell in either case just what emotional implications the symbols are intended to convey. I suspect that all this points to a similar confusion in the artist's own mind and a need for more critical self-searching for just what his purpose is, anyway. It's about the only thing needed to make Mr. Rattner one of our most significant artists. —Robert M. Coates

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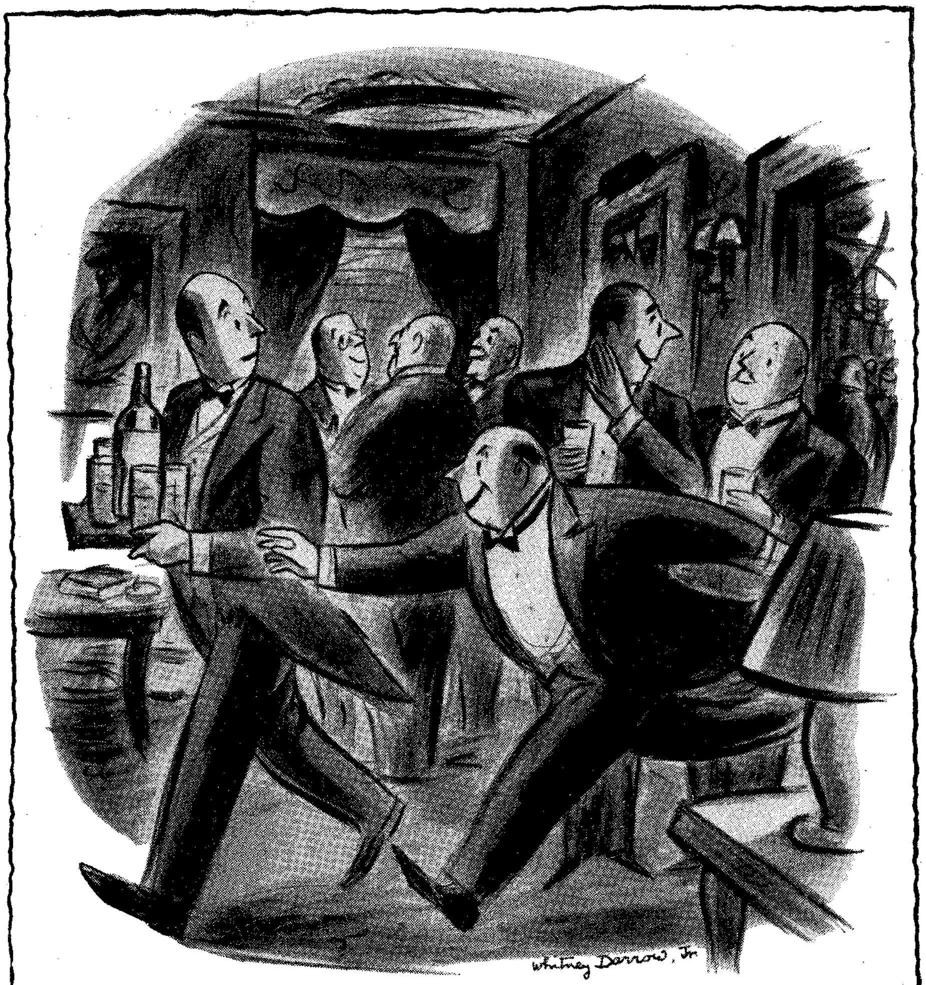
## WHAT ISSUE OF TIME D'YA READ?

. . . Colonel General Filip I. Golikov, 48. A tall, husky man with a broad face, he is one of Russia's principal tank experts . . .
—*Time, February 8.*

Filip Ivanovich Golikov, a typical front commander . . . . He is young: 45 . . . . Just after the war broke out, he was sent to Britain and the U.S. for staff talks . . . . He was observed to be a muscular man with a head which seemed to have been carved from pink glass, to be so short that the handkerchief in Sumner Welles's pocket showed above his clean-shaven crown . . .
—*Time, February 22.*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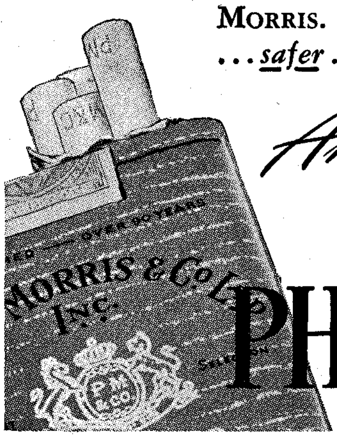

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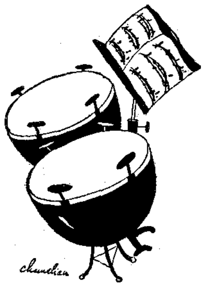
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Mostly Native Music*



THERE was a time when any work that was labelled "opera" had to be something with continuous music, and if the authors permitted characters to speak without so much as an accompanying squawk or thump from the orchestra, some professors would be sure to declare that the thing wasn't an opera at all. Maybe an *opéra comique* or a *Singspiel*, but not an opera. Since then the word "opera" has become more flexible, and today we have a good many varieties, including grand, light, folk, horse, ice, and soap. If "A Tree on the Plains," produced last week at Brander Matthews Hall, up on 117th Street, has to be classified, it should be listed as folk opera. For the plot, Paul Horgan, the librettist, and Ernest Bacon, the composer, have devised a simple sequence of events set on a Southwestern ranch and have interspersed them with songs and sayings of a regional nature. The story is of no great consequence, probably because the idea was to portray people who live on Southwestern ranches rather than to work up a sharply dramatic offering.

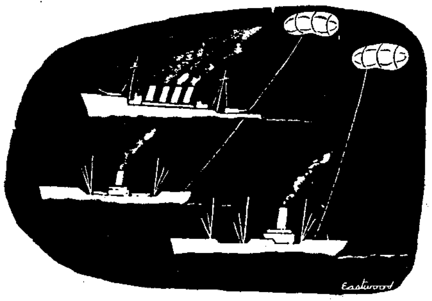
Although there isn't much suspense or development in the plot, a good deal takes place in the summer day and evening covered by the two acts. There is a funeral, a betrothal, a rough-and-tumble fight (more tumble than rough, but you can't expect singers to biff the daylights out of each other and stay in an opera), an impromptu shower bath, a motor trip (unfortunately offstage), a debate, and a rainstorm. You also get poetic talk, tough talk, romantic songs, folk songs, prayers, and stretches of jazz. There are, as you can see, plenty of ingredients, but they haven't been pulled close enough together to make a complete theatrical work.

Mr. Bacon's music is thoroughly attractive, and he has set it up so skillfully that practically any orchestra can undertake the assignment; productions of "A Tree on the Plains" needn't be confined to organizations that can supply a huge band in the pit. The Columbia Theatre Associates, in coöperation with the Columbia University music department, worked out a capable presentation of the opera under the stage direction of Milton Smith, and the setting by John W. Love was practical and convincing. One of the best performances was turned in by Douglas Moore, whom I had known hitherto only as a composer and educator but who, it seems, is also an experienced comedian.

THE Orchestrette of New York, conducted by Frederique Petrides, celebrated its tenth anniversary last week with a concert in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. In the past decade, the Orchestrette, which was originally composed only of women but now includes a few men, has been notable for its open-house attitude toward novelties, and there were four first-local-concert showings on the anniversary bill. Paul Creston's "Chant of 1942," the first of these novelties, is a concise and well-written essay, although not so impressive as some of Mr. Creston's other music. Henry Cowell's "American Melting Pot" demonstrates the composer's efficiency in making music in various styles, if nothing more, and Joaquin Turina's Rapsodia Sinfonica for piano and orchestra is agreeably splashy stuff of a fairly obvious order. The fourth newcomer, a Haydn concerto for violin, piano, and string orchestra, revised and arranged by Dr. Albert G. Hess, had its American première. Except for a good *presto* finale, there was nothing to make one suspect that Haydn really was an important composer.

The contributions of Vivian Rivkin, the piano soloist, and Hinda Barnett, the violin soloist, were effective, and the ensemble, under Miss Petrides' alert and musicianly guidance, played well. The largest crowd I've ever seen in the Chamber Music Hall showed up for the concert, a tribute the Orchestrette assuredly deserved for its consistent readiness to give new music a hearing.

WHAT has amounted to a spring Bach festival in town was continued last week, at Carnegie Hall, with an excellent performance of the St. John Passion by the Dessoff Choirs and the Princeton Chapel Choir under the direction of Paul Boepple. The St. John



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Passion is not the masterpiece that Bach's St. Matthew Passion is, but it is music that often rises to greatness, and Mr. Boepple conducted it with ample regard for its tradition and a stimulating disregard for some of the lugubrious traditions of oratorio.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

## CONCERT RECORDS

### *Voices and Melodies*

AN unusual folk-song collection is "Songs of Lidice," an assortment of Czech and Slovak melodies, sung with great charm and feeling by Jarmila Novotna (Victor M-936). When you hear these tunes, you realize again why so many composers have gone to Bohemian sources for ideas. The piano accompaniments are played by Jan Masaryk, son of the former President. Some Danish songs appear in a set of records sung by Lauritz Melchior (Columbia X-233), with piano accompaniments by Ignace Strasfogel. They include a folk air, one concert song by Peter Arnold Heise, two by Sophus Andersen, and three by Peter Erasmus Lange-Müller. The concert music is simple and effective romantic material, which Mr. Melchior intones with plenty of voice and enthusiasm. An incidental chorus seems to have been on hand for Lange-Müller's "Serenade" (at least, the label on the record says so), but it sounds like only a very incidental chorus.

One of the Metropolitan's young sopranos, Eleanor Steber, appears in a volume of her own, "Oratorio Arias," in which she is recorded singing excerpts from Handel's "Messiah" and Haydn's "Creation" (Victor DM-927). Miss Steber's attractive voice is especially striking in the high range, and her singing is musical and about as straightforward as any oratorio chanting you hear nowadays. Charles O'Connell and the Victor Symphony Orchestra take excellent care of the accompaniments. The recording seems over-resonant to me, but many people apparently prefer the sense of "room" that goes with that sort of sound.

SHOSTAKOVICH collectors will want to add to their holdings a recording of the piano concerto (Columbia M-527), delightfully played by Eileen Joyce with the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by the late Leslie Heward. The trumpet soloing, which is an important part of the work, is done ably by Arthur Lockwood. Miss Joyce contributes two Scriabin preludes (the ninth and tenth from Opus 11) to fill up the spare side,

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and the Scriabin music sounds even more lushly middle-aged romantic than ever after the somewhat astringent and witty concerto.

In the two-piano department you will find several arrangements by the participants in various recordings. Rae Robertson of the Bartlett and Robertson duo has set up Liszt's number-one "Liebestraum" (there are three "Liebesträume," and the first in popularity is the one recorded, the third of the series) for two keyboards. It's played gracefully on Columbia 71452-D. Coupled with it, you get Taylor's (I don't know which Taylor) workmanlike version of Liszt's one-piano transcription of Paganini's "La Campanella." Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, the accomplished piano team (now in the Navy) that made a refreshing New York début a couple of years back by including popular ditties in the concert routine, have fixed for themselves arrangements of Reger's waltz from his "Ballet Suite," Dubensky's "Gossips," and the march from Prokofieff's "Love for Three Oranges" (Victor 10-1041). I don't think "Gossips" is a natural for pianos, but the waltz and the march are slick.

THE recorded library of music by Charles T. Griffes has been augmented by an expert performance of one of his most characteristic works, the "Poem" for flute and orchestra (Victor 11-8349). Howard Hanson conducts the Eastman-Rochester Symphony through it, and the solo is played by Joseph Mariano. This would be a good time to mention Edward M. Maisel's recently published "Charles T. Griffes," an interesting and well-documented biography of the composer.

Two of the recent releases make available minor works of present-day composers. William Walton's "Scapino" receives a lively exhibition at the hands of the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Frederick Stock (Columbia 11945-D), and Jaromir Weinberger's "Czech Rhapsody" is done with suitable emphases by the National Symphony, directed by Hans Kindler (Victor 11-8297).

—R. A. S.

•

C26

LONDON, MARCH 7-(AP)-GERMAN FIGHTER-BOMBERS MACHINE-GUNNED AND BOMBED A SOUTH COAST TOWN EARLY THIS AFTERNOON, DAMAGING HOUSES AND SHOPS. AUTHORITIES SAID THERE WERE A NUMBER OF CASUALTIES, SOME FAT. KC112PEW.—*A.P. telegraph dispatch.*

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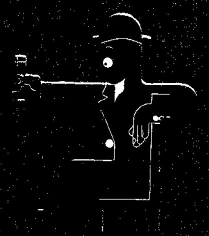

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# BOOKS

## *Ship's Company*

DURING the last couple of decades the novel has taken so many weird turns that we have tended to forget how it started its career. The novel began life quite simply, offering a story and characters. But a story and characters are precisely the items that much current fiction attempts, often quite ingeniously, to do without. We are by this time so beautifully trained that it hardly occurs to us to require of a new work of fiction that it contain a sound plot and interesting people. Hence a writer with little more than these two things in his kit bag is apt to receive moderate praise but not much "serious" appreciation. True, the novel might die if there were no experimenters. However, it would assuredly die if, from time to time, writers with little more than a fine tale to tell did not reconnect it with its grand and simple origins.

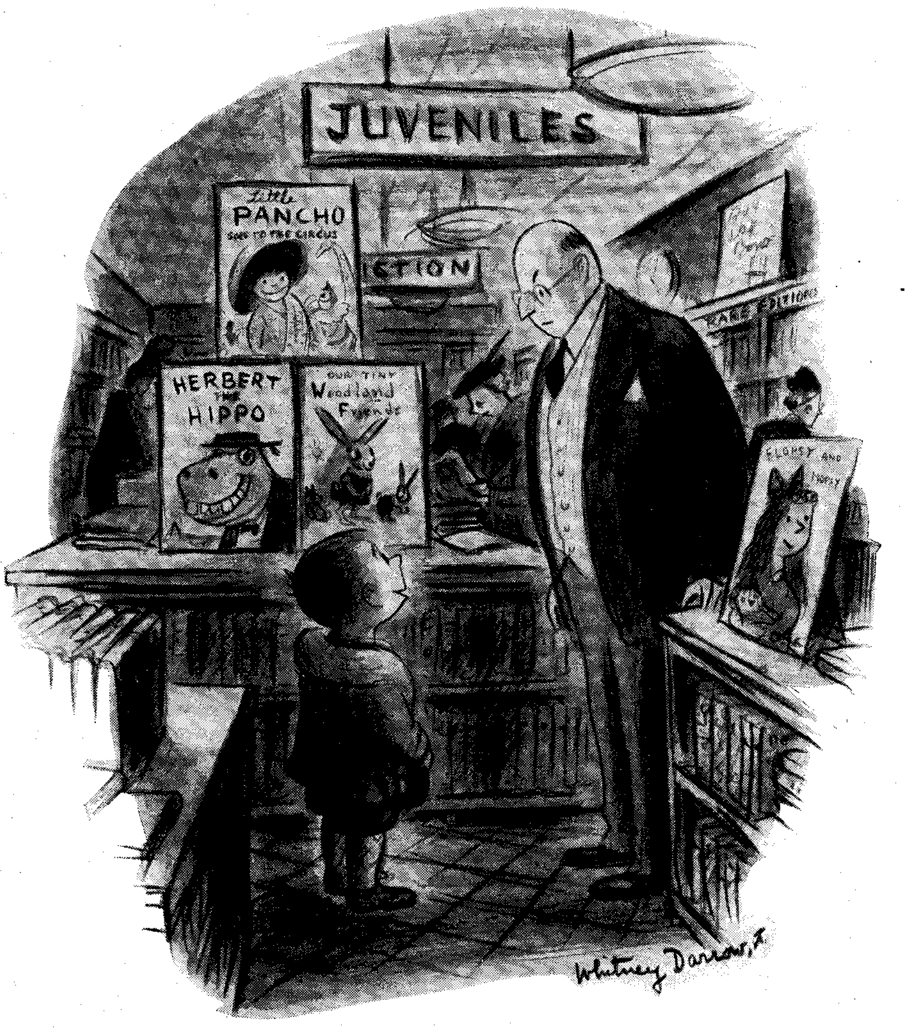
Such a writer is C. S. Forester. His books have not in the least degree affected the development of the novel, but were I an Englishman I would be as proud of him as I might be, let us say, of Virginia Woolf. I remember Mr. Forester's "Captain Horatio Hornblower" with far greater particularity than I do most of the novels-with-a-message that have improved me during the last ten years; his "The Gun" seems to me a minor miracle of narration; and his new story, "The Ship," is to my mind a compelling and completely satisfactory tale, rendering a clear account of how brave men behave in battle.

"The Ship" tells the story of a few superb hours in the life of H.M.S. Artemis, a five-thousand-ton light cruiser, part of a Malta-bound convoy, part of the British Navy, part of that continuing battle for human decency which professors like James Burnham, author of "The Machiavellians," are now proving to us is all a lot of hogwash and hypocrisy. The officers and men of the Artemis do not read Professor Burnham and so they do not know that they are being hoodwinked by their rulers. They are quite ready to die so that Malta may be held, so that Fascism may be weakened, even so that Professor Burnham may continue to write his books.

Let us revert to Mr. Forester and his Artemis, "an eggshell armed with sledge hammers," whose "mission in life was to give without receiving." After a bout with enemy aircraft, she engages six Italian cruisers, which are presently reinforced by two battleships and an additional cruiser. By making effective use of a smoke screen, the Artemis is enabled to inflict considerable damage on the Fascist ships, though she herself sustains "moderate" injuries. She maintains her fire until the enemy turns away, the action terminates, and Malta, "the running ulcer in Italy's side," is saved. That is the story of "The Ship."

The Artemis is made up of Captain the Honourable Miles Ernest Troughton-Harrington-Yorke; and Jerningham, his secretary, a bit of a coward but with something else to him too; and Ordinary Seaman Albert Whipple, whose mother had taught him to be serious about the war; and Able Seaman Presteign, a potential Keats who is smashed to bits by a shell made in the land that once produced Dante; and the Torpedo Gunner's Mate, with an aloof contempt for everything and everybody except his electrical switchboard; and Chief Petty Officer Allonby, in command of X Turret, who has in him the makings of an admiral; and Stoker First Class Hobbs, who, half drowned in the shaft tunnel, continues his unceasing conversation with his God; and dozens of other men, each one searchlighted in all his humbleness or glory by Mr. Forester's quiet sympathy and understanding.

The Artemis is primarily men who know, vaguely or precisely, why they are fighting. She is also a magnificent, inhuman machine. For example, her transmitting station (served, of all people, by the Marine bandsmen) is capable of figuring out how, from a ship moving at thirty-one knots, a quarter of a ton of steel and high explosive may be thrown at another ship moving at twenty knots nine miles away. Of this sort of detail Mr. Forester is a master. I



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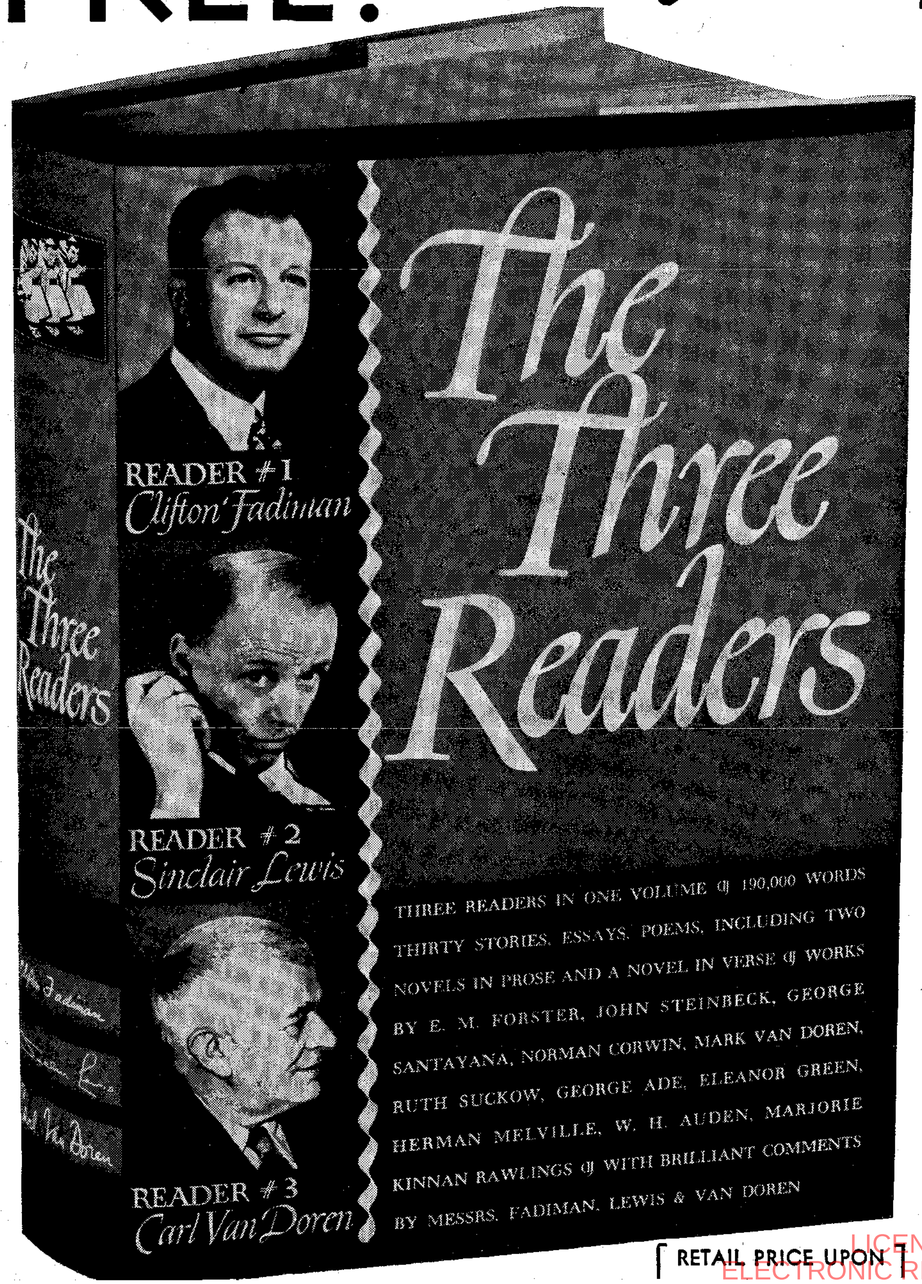
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There are many reasons why "books are born to blush unread." They may lack good advertising publicity. Or a book may be published at the time of a catastrophic world event and nobody pays any attention to it. Sometimes, a book is published with the Wind": no time for other books.

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*In The New Yorker*

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APPLETON-CENTURY

prefer him to Kipling because he is so unobtrusive about his technical knowledge; Kipling is touched with exhibitionism.

The heart of the drama of "The Ship" lies in the fact that "at sea it was all or nothing." A naval battle has an intensity, almost a fatal beauty, that land engagements can never have. The intensity of the Artemis's battle is lifted to an even higher level by the simple consciousness of her crew that the action in which they are engaged is noble and the action in which their enemies are engaged is base.

JUST as "The Ship" represents the sort of narrative I can digest with ease, so Isak Dinesen's "Winter's Tales" represents the sort that baffles me completely. The fault probably lies with me. Any number of judges for whom I have respect have received unfeigned pleasure from this collection of fantasies. I would like to range myself with them, but I cannot. Isak Dinesen's characters—dreamy boys and medieval kings and feudal landlords and Lapland witches and self-doomed lovers and haughty aristocrats—behave according to a system of motivations to which I simply do not possess the key. It is with popeyed astonishment that I follow their careers, quite unable to understand why they act as they do, filled with vague admiration for the author's ingenuity in inventing their peculiar conduct.

These nebulous legends, tied down to no particular place or time (though a few have as their locale Denmark of a hundred years ago) recall the early nineteenth-century period of German romanticism. They have affinities with the unreadable novels and tales of Richter and Tieck. Suffused with vague aspirations toward some cloudy ideal, with a longing for the impossible, with a brooding delight in magnificent and absurd gestures, with a quality of sleepwalking, they are as far removed from 1943 as anything can well be.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE WIND AND THE RAIN, by Joyce Horner. In this first novel the author does a difficult thing beautifully. She tells the story of an English girl's first and only love, which begins in childhood and molds her adult life. The girl is simple, generous, and honest. The man she loves is a gifted, brilliant egocentric who turns to her in the end, when his own emotional life has

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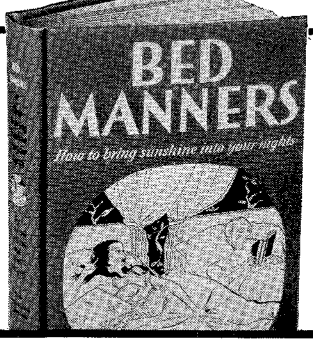

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reached an impasse. Miss Horner tells this tale of sentiment without a trace of sentimentality. In fact, there is not one flaw of taste—or of style, for that matter—in the book.

Torpedo! by Commander Gilbert Hackforth-Jones, R.N. Twenty-two stories of the Royal British Navy in wartime, a few of them full of hearty humor, all of them shipshape, unpretentious yarns.

. . . and a Few Marines, by Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr. If you care to know what the Marines have been up to between the two great wars, Colonel Thomason, with his swashbuckling, Kiplingesque stories and vigorous drawings, is willing and able to oblige. Most of these yarns have been garnered from the magazines and earlier anthologies.

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by Nancy Hale. Twenty stories of our time by an author of unusual range and penetration. Several of them made their first appearance in this magazine.

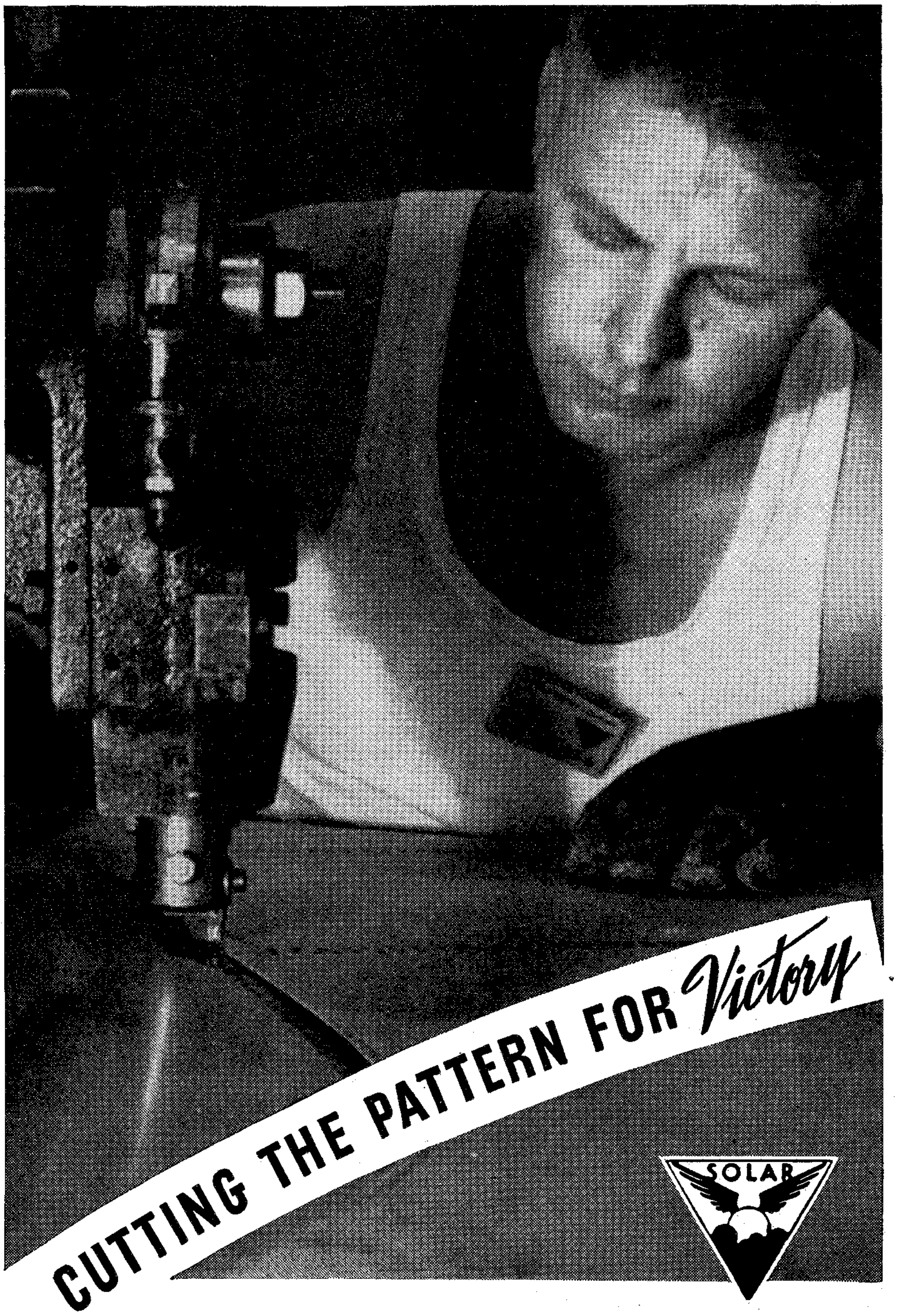
Sophie Halenczik, American, by Rose C. Feld. Sophie was born in Czechoslovakia but is probably a better citizen than most of us. The majority of Miss Feld's experiences with the Halenczik family were first published in *The New Yorker.*

### GENERAL

The Old Fellow, by Herrymon Maurer. The Old Fellow is Lao-tse, a contemporary of Confucius and a philosopher whose humor and mellowness infuriate the Japanese as they encounter them in Lao-tse's countrymen today. Apparently a somewhat romanticized biography, but a revealing one.

The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, selected and edited by Max Lerner. A profound American, and a very engaging one too, as he revealed himself in his speeches, essays, letters, and judicial opinions. The editor, who remarks that the most striking thing about Holmes was "that he refused to live in a closed universe," has chosen the writings with an eye to showing us the many-sided openness of Holmes' mind. An excellent job of selection. Includes a critical introduction and running commentary.

The Wright Brothers, by Fred C. Kelly. Biography of the two Dayton jacks-of-all-trades who made the first flight in a powered airplane, on December 17, 1903, and spent a good part of the rest of their lives trying to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convince people that flying was practicable. The writing has a homespun air that suits the story. The facts in the volume have been checked by Orville Wright. Historical photographs.

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES, edited by Jack Goodman, with an introduction by James Thurber. 591 pages of fiction and non-fiction about dogs. A first-rate collection.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

WINGS ABOVE THE CLAYPAN, by Arthur W. Upfield. A monoplane is sighted bogged down in the middle of Emu Lake, in Australia. In the plane is a girl in a paralytic trance, but no pilot. Napoleon Bonaparte, the aborigine detective, clears up the mystery of the missing pilot and brings the girl out of her trance. Almost childish at times, but with some fine local color.

THE SCARLET CIRCLE, by Jonathan Stagge. Little Dawn Westlake sees a pinkish glow in a deserted churchyard and she and her father, Dr. Westlake, find that the light comes from a Chinese lantern hanging over a half-dug grave. The Doctor meets a sweet old lady and a murderer in the course of his investigations. Good, gossipy tale of a New England town and its small but deep-rooted scandals.

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Governor Dewey today vetoed the Kdeinheder bill which would permit children under 1½ to frequent bowling alleys when accompanied by a parent or authorized adult.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Well, we don't want a nation of little loafers.

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Augusta . . . Settled by the English in 1735. Capital of Georgia 1780-1783 and 1786-1795. Has been visited by earthquakes, fires, fevers, floods, and many distinguished individuals.—*From "Augusta Welcomes the Armed Forces," a pamphlet issued by the Citizens' War Service Committee of Augusta.*

How about holocausts?

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### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item is reprinted in its entirety from the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

FT. GEORGE G. MEADE, MD., April 14—(AP)—When Private Joseph A. Manzo of the Fort Meade Pigeon Company borrowed $5 from a pal and then got transferred to the A. P. Hill Military Reservation in Virginia, it could have been the end of a beautiful friendship. Not so.

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